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NO 85-JUNE

ADVENTURES INTO THE

UNKNOWN

10¢

WHAT TERRIBLE
SECRET PROCESS IS GOING
ON WITHIN HIS BRAIN? IT'S
...BLOWN THE MACHINE
APART!

An AMAZING SECRET...
LOCKED WITHIN THE MIND
OF AN UNCONSCIOUS MAN!
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"IN the TORNADO'S WAKE!"



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Place "King Tut" in his
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You get two coins. One
is ordinary, the other
looks exat, but it has
two heads. Do tricks, win
friendly bets.

142

Both only 25c



HOT PEPPER GUM

Looks like real gum, but
when they taste it, WOW!
Burns their mouth, but only
like pepper. Package of
five sticks.

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Only

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BE FIRST IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD TO
GET THESE WONDERFUL TOYS



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"TIKES"

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WRESTLING

SELF-DEFENSE

ILLUSTRATED

IN ALL THE LONG, DISTINGUISHED CAREER OF DR. ALAN HARLEY, THE FAMED NEW YORK BRAIN SURGEON, NOTHING REMOTELY SIMILAR HAD EVER HAPPENED! AT EVERY TURN THE MYSTERY DEEPENED, GREW MORE BAFFLING AND UNBELIEVABLE! YET THERE HAD TO BE A SOLUTION, AND HE DETERMINED TO FIND IT, EVEN IF IT MEANT ENTERING...



HARLEY REMEMBERED WELL THE FIRST TIME HE'D SEEN THE MAN WHO CALLED HIMSELF "JOHN BROWN"...



EVEN BEFORE THE EXAMINATION, HARLEY WAS AWARE THAT THE PATIENT AROUSED PECULIAR RESPONSES IN HIM...



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HARLEY DETECTED AT ONCE THE PRESENCE OF A SERIOUS BRAIN TUMOR! ALTHOUGH THE ONLY CHANCE WAS AN IMMEDIATE OPERATION, HE WAS RELUCTANT TO ANNOUNCE THE GRIM TRUTH SO QUICKLY...

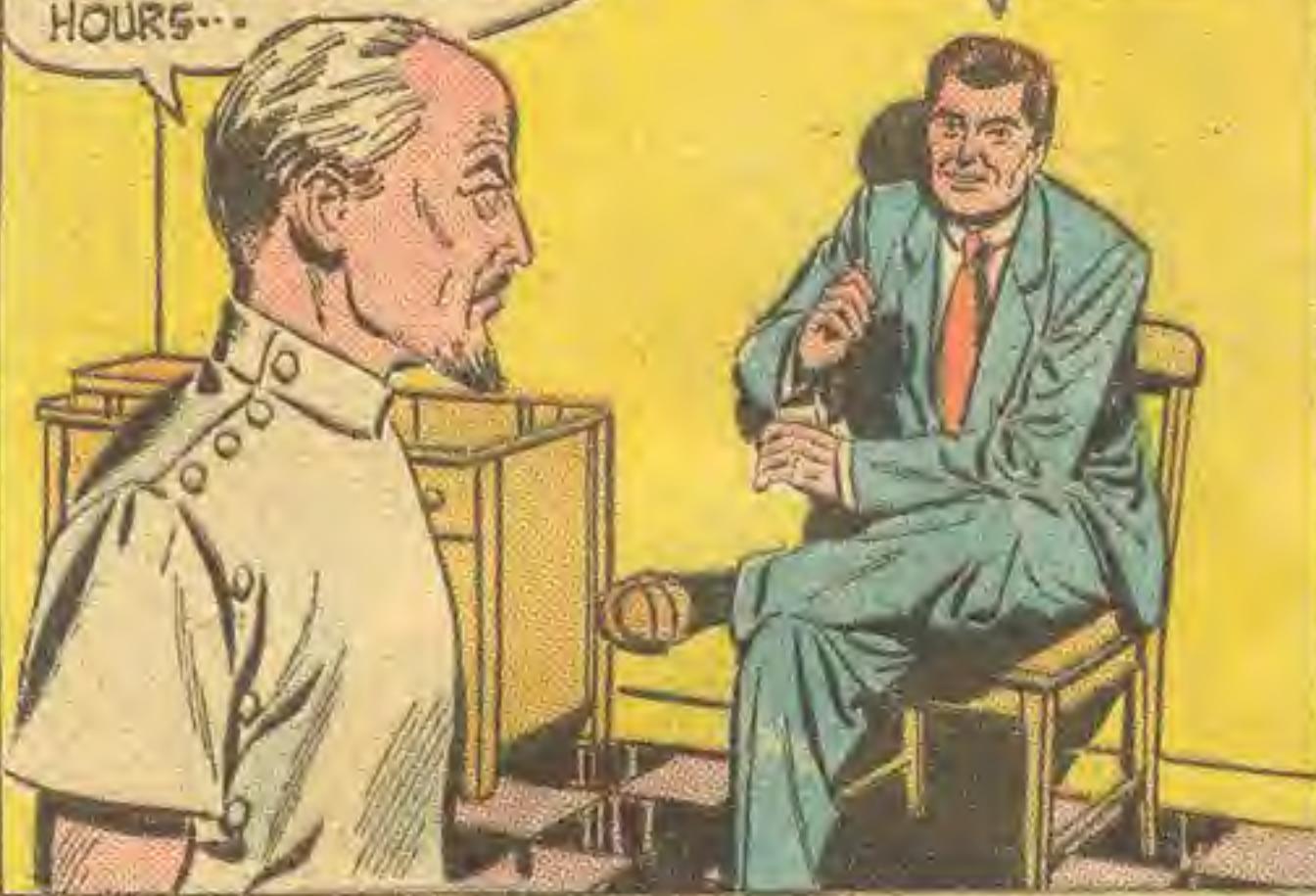
I SUGGEST YOU STAY HERE IN THE HOSPITAL UNDER OBSERVATION FOR 24 HOURS...

IT'S FATAL. ISN'T IT? HOW MUCH TIME DO I HAVE?

THE PATIENT'S CHEERFUL MANNER AMAZED HIM...

FATAL? I...ER...I CAN'T SAY FOR SURE! BETTER WAIT TILL THE LAB TESTS COME THROUGH!

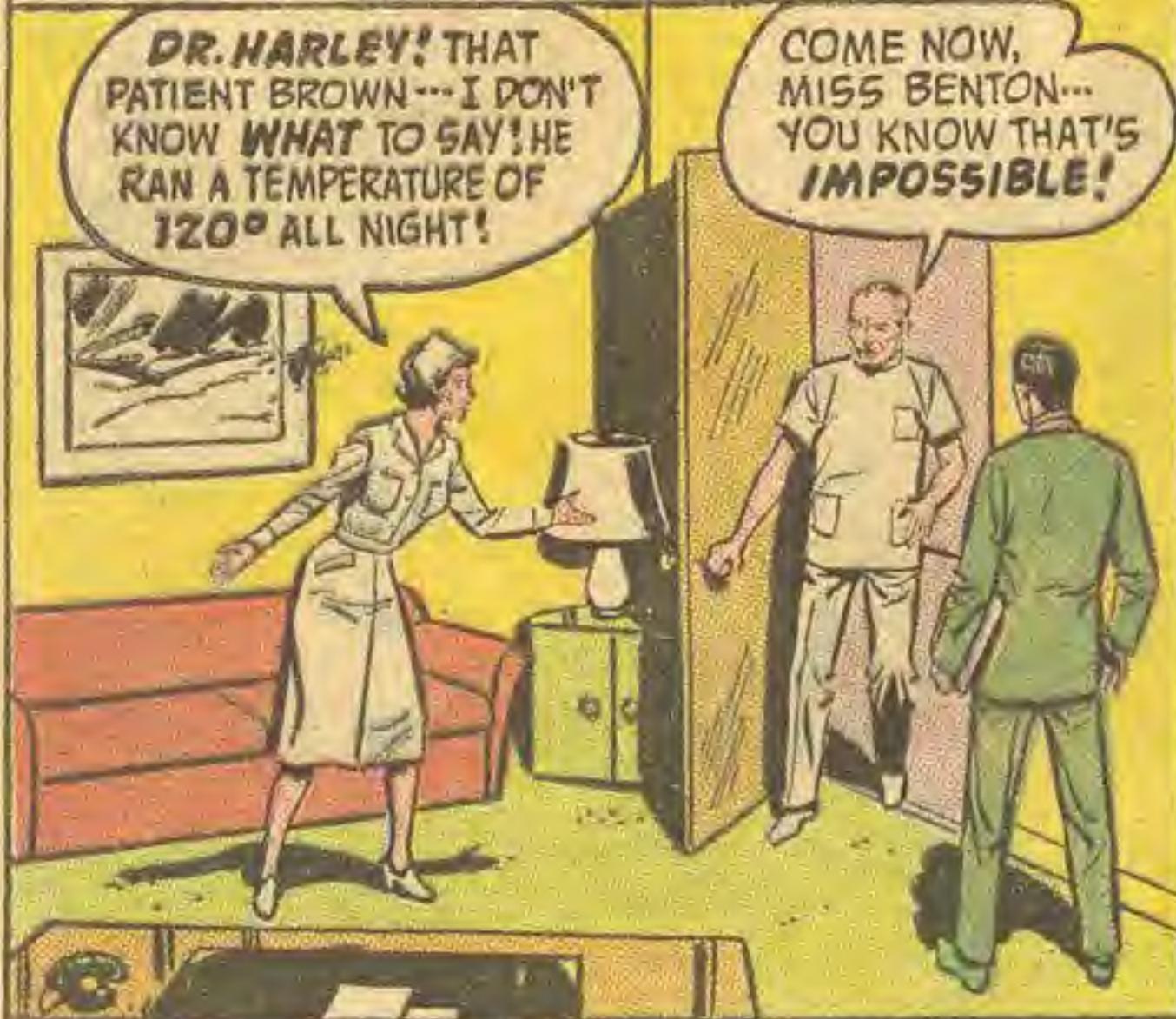
CERTAINLY! I'M ENTIRELY IN YOUR HANDS!



NEXT MORNING, HARLEY FOUND AN EXCITED LABORATORY PATHOLOGIST AND CHIEF NURSE WAITING FOR HIM...

DR. HARLEY! THAT PATIENT BROWN---I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY! HE RAN A TEMPERATURE OF 120° ALL NIGHT!

COME NOW, MISS BENTON... YOU KNOW THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!



DR. HARLEY QUESTIONED THE MYSTERIOUS PATIENT...

SORRY, I WON'T ANSWER ANY PERSONAL QUESTIONS! NOW ABOUT THAT BRAIN OPERATION... IS THERE ANY DANGER?

IN THE CURRENT STATE OF MEDICAL KNOWLEDGE, THERE'S ALWAYS DANGER IN SO DELICATE A CASE!

IN THAT CASE, LET'S FORGET IT... I'LL GO!

I'M AFRAID YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! IF YOU DON'T UNDERGO SURGERY... YOU'LL PERISH WITHIN A YEAR!

I'M SORRY TO BE SO BLUNT! PERHAPS SOME DAY MEDICAL KNOWLEDGE MAY GUARANTEE YOUR LIFE... BUT NOT NOW!

I'VE WAITED A LONG TIME, DR. HARLEY... I CAN WAIT LONGER!



FOR THE REST OF THE AFTERNOON, HARLEY WAS UNABLE TO CONCENTRATE! HE STARED OUT THE WINDOW BY THE HOUR, BROODING...

THIS IS FANTASTIC! IMPOSSIBLE LAB REPORTS, DOOMED FOR SURE --- AND YET THE MAN REFUSED AN OPERATION AND WAS QUITE CHEERFUL! I'VE GOT TO KNOW MORE ABOUT THIS CASE...

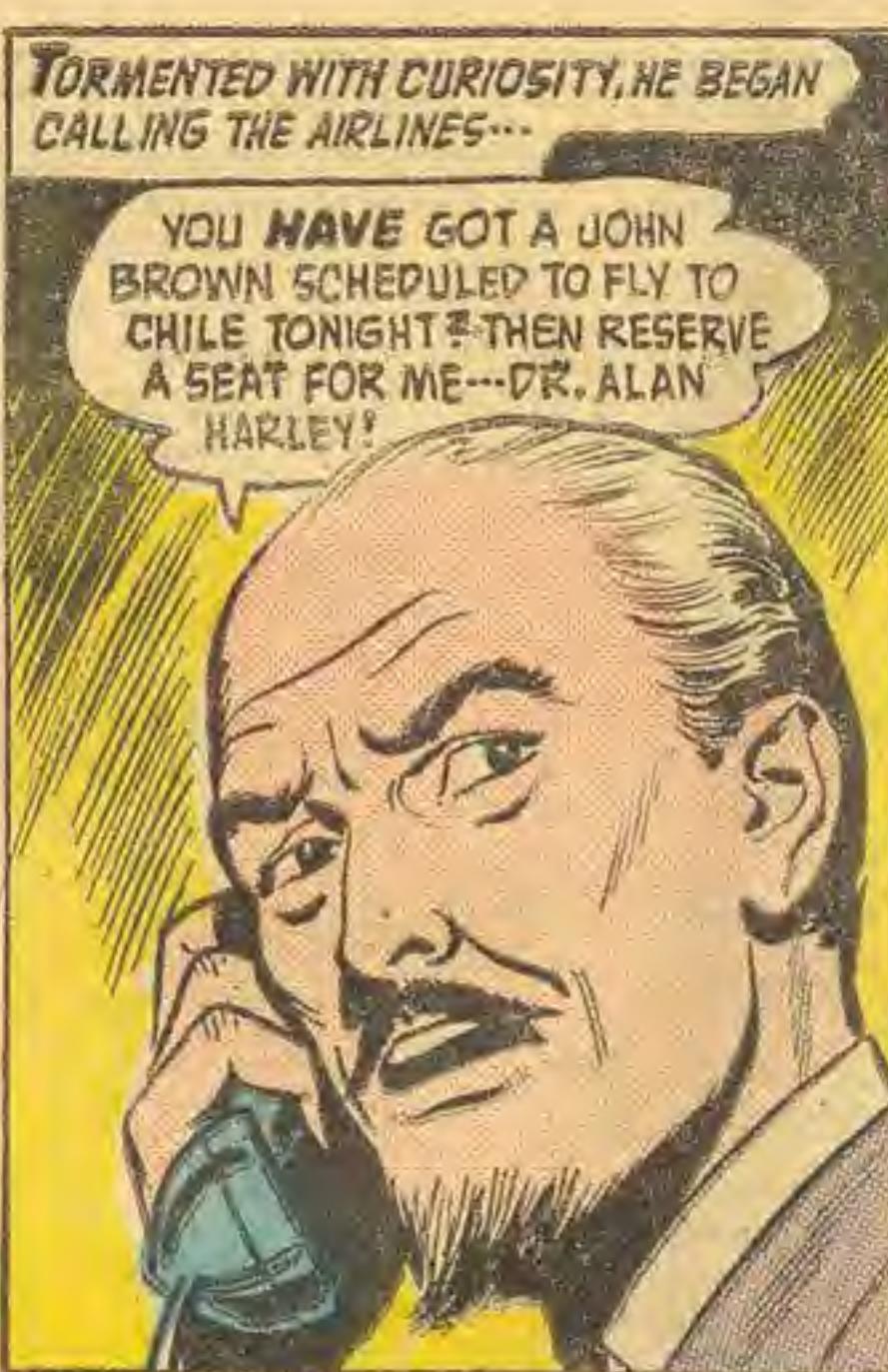
GOT TO!

TORMENTED WITH CURIOSITY, HE BEGAN CALLING THE AIRLINES...

YOU HAVE GOT A JOHN BROWN SCHEDULED TO FLY TO CHILE TONIGHT? THEN RESERVE A SEAT FOR ME---DR. ALAN HARLEY!

WHAT IN THE...!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

I'M COMING ALONG, BROWN---OR WHATEVER YOUR REAL NAME IS! YOU'RE NOT GETTING OUT OF MY SIGHT TILL I FIND OUT WHAT'S GOING ON!



AS THE GREAT FOUR-ENGINE PLANE TOOK OFF...

CAN'T SAY I BLAME YOU FOR BEING SO CURIOUS!

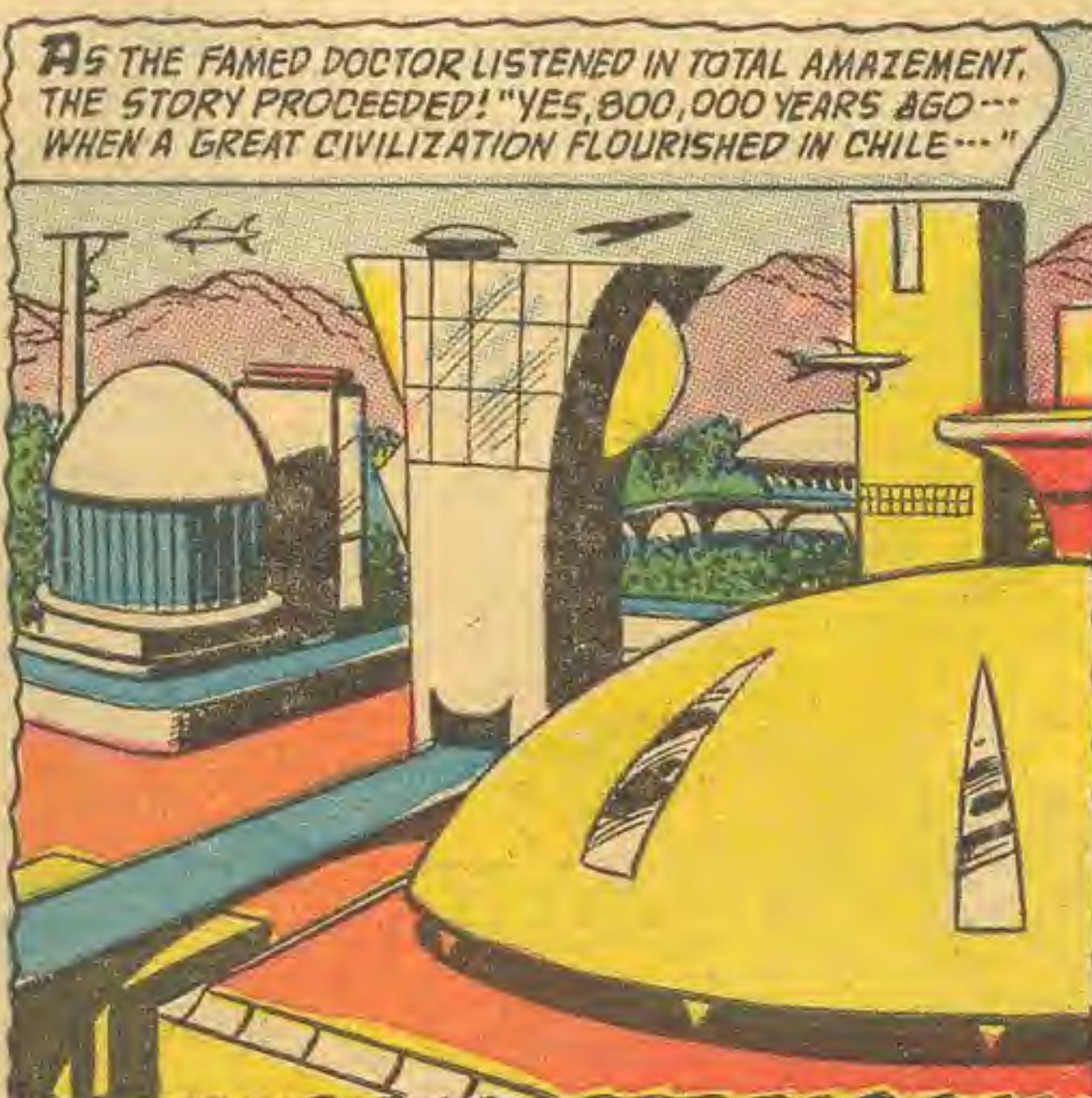
MY CURIOSITY IS ENTIRELY SCIENTIFIC! WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO HIDE?



BROWN SEEMED TO THINK MATTERS OVER... THEN...



ALL RIGHT, I WILL TELL YOU ABOUT MYSELF... COMPLETELY! THERE'S NO DANGER, SINCE YOU WON'T BELIEVE WHAT I SAY ANYWAY! IT'LL BE AN INTERESTING WAY TO PASS THE TIME!



AS THE FAMED DOCTOR LISTENED IN TOTAL AMAZEMENT, THE STORY PROCEEDED! "YES, 800,000 YEARS AGO--- WHEN A GREAT CIVILIZATION FLOURISHED IN CHILE..."

"OUR SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY WERE BRILLIANT, AND I WAS
CONSIDERED THE FOREMOST PHYSICIST OF THE ERA..."

I COME TO YOU
ONCE MORE FOR
ADDITIONAL FUNDS,
GENTLEMEN!

THAT PET
PROJECT OF
YOURS IS INDEED
EXPENSIVE,
IKATU!

BUT THINK OF WHAT
IT WILL MEAN IF I
SUCCEED! A CHAMBER
IN WHICH TIME STANDS
STILL... IT WILL LENGTHEN
ALL OUR LIVES!

SOUNDS
IMPRactical,
BUT YOU'VE ALWAYS
SUCCEEDED
BEFORE!

I'M AFRAID I DON'T
UNDERSTAND! YOU HAD
BUILT A CHAMBER IN
WHICH TIME DID NOT
EXIST? WHAT SORT
OF NONSENSE...?

I KNEW YOU'D
SCOFF! BUT LET
ME GO ON...

"I'D BEEN WORKING ON THE TIME CHAMBER FOR YEARS! AND
SLOWLY I WAS SOLVING ITS MANIFOLD PROBLEMS..."

ALL RIGHT,
SUPPOSE TIME WOULD
STOP IN HERE AND
CONTINUE OUTSIDE!
SO WHAT?

THINK, MAN! IF YOU
WANTED TO READ A BOOK
OR STUDY A MUSICAL
INSTRUMENT YOU
WOULD ENTER
HERE...

...AND WHILE YOU
WERE READING OR PRACTICING,
YOU WOULDN'T BE GETTING A
MOMENT OLDER! THINK OF
THE BOON FOR
EDUCATION!

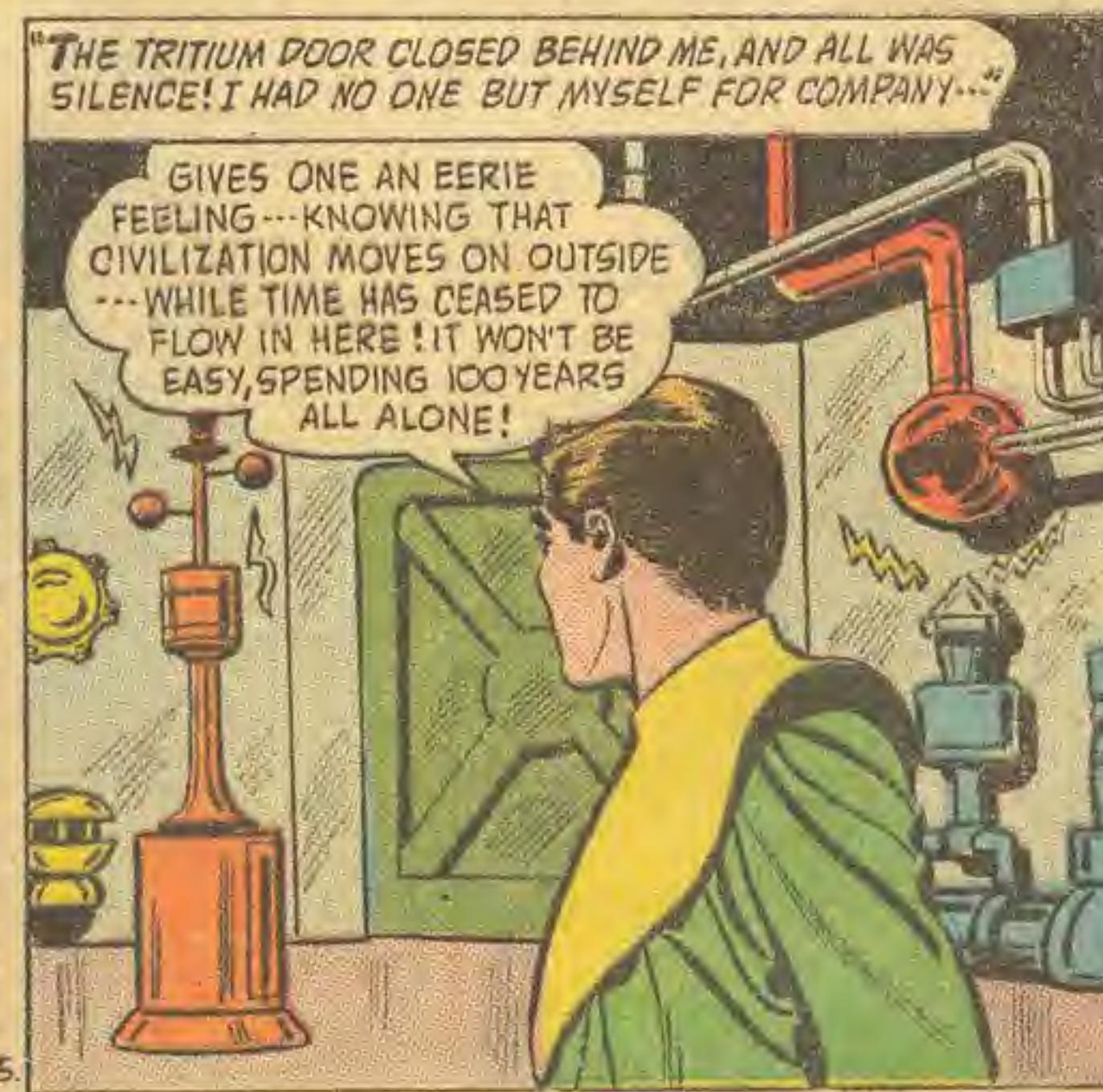
"I'D BUILT THE CHAMBER DEEP WITHIN
A MOUNTAINSIDE OF THE ANDES..."

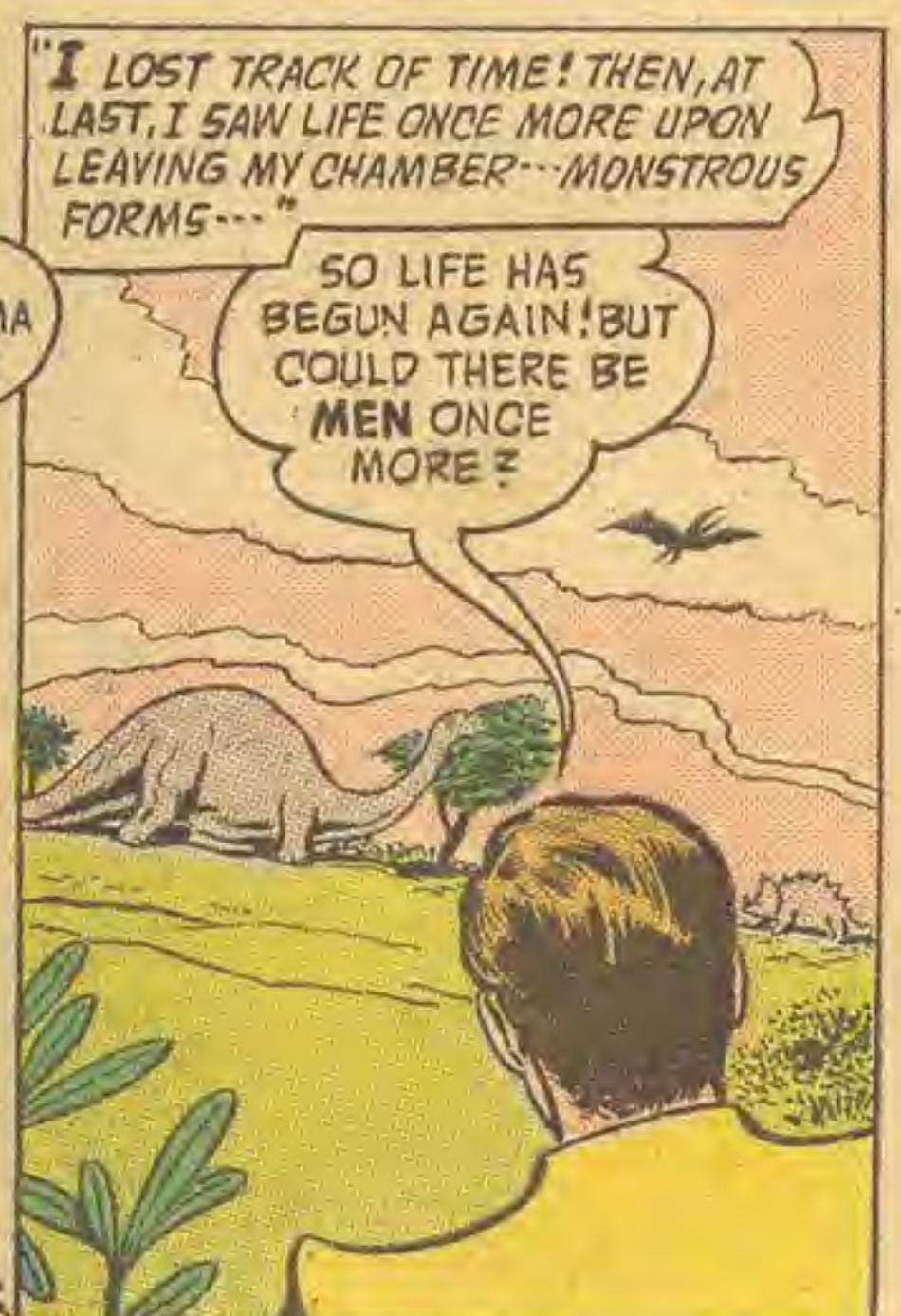
I'M BEGINNING
TO UNDERSTAND,
IKATU! IN OTHER
WORDS, INDOOR
ACTIVITY WOULDN'T
TAKE UP ANY PART
OF OUR LIVES!

EXACTLY!
IN A SENSE,
WE'D ALL
LIVE MUCH
LONGER!

...AND SOMEDAY,
SUCH A TIME CHAMBER
MIGHT BE BUILT OVER
THE WHOLE COUNTRY!
IT COULD MAKE US
ALL IMMORTAL!

BUT ALL THIS
WILL TAKE MORE
MONEY! ALL
RIGHT, YOU'RE
VERY PERSUASIVE
...BUT CAN'T YOU
HURRY IT UP A
BIT?





"I COULD NOT EXPLORE FAR...THE MENACES WERE TOO AWFUL! THERE WAS SAFETY IN BUT ONE PLACE..."

SCRAWWW!

GOT TO MAKE THE CHAMBER...OR I'M A GONER!

GO ON...ER...IKATU! YOUR STORY MAY BE FICTION, BUT IT'S FASCINATING!

I DIDN'T FIND THE EXPERIENCE SO! THE AGES PASSED WITH AGONIZING SLOWNESS...

"IN THOSE COUNTLESS EONS, I'D AGED BUT A FEW HOURS DURING THOSE SHORT PERIODS OUTSIDE THE CHAMBER EACH CENTURY! AT LONG LAST, I SAW MEN...SOUTH AMERICAN INDIANS..."

PRIMITIVE TYPES! THEIR MEDICINE COULDN'T POSSIBLY SAVE ME! NO, I'D BETTER RETURN TO MY HAVEN UNSEEN...

"BUT NOW, EACH CENTURY, I EMERGED WITH GROWING HOPE...AND LAST WEEK..."

A CRUDE FORM OF ROCKET! THIS CIVILIZATION'S TECHNOLOGY MAY BE RUDIMENTARY...BUT ITS MEDICINE MAY BE ADVANCED! THIS TIME I'LL INVESTIGATE!

YES, I WAS BORED READING THE SAME BOOKS ETERNALLY...I CRAVED COMPANY! I SOON LEARNED THAT YOU WERE THE WORLD'S CHIEF BRAIN SPECIALIST...SO I JOURNEYED TO YOU! YOU KNOW THE REST!

THAT BRAIN TUMOR HAS AFFECTION HIS SANITY!

MOMENTS LATER, THE PLANE RAN INTO A VIOLENT STORM! THE CRAFT TOOK A SEVERE BUFFETING...

FASTEN SEAT BELTS, EVERYONE! A MOTOR HAS FAILED AND WE MUST TRY TO LAND IN AN EMERGENCY FIELD IN THE MOUNTAINS!

HIGH UP ON AN ANDES PLATEAU...

CR-RUNCH!

THOUGH BADLY SHAKEN UP, NO ONE WAS SERIOUSLY HURT...

IT'LL BE AT LEAST MORNING BEFORE AID REACHES US! MEANWHILE, EVERYONE MUST KEEP CALM AND NOT WANDER OFF!



ON THE FREEZING MOUNTAIN SLOPE, AS THE NIGHT PASSED SLOWLY...

I...I
FEEL ILL
--VERY
ILL!

YOU DON'T
LOOK VERY
WELL! YOU
SEEM TO
BE...

IKATU, WHO HAD BEEN OUT OF THE TIME CHAMBER FOR MORE THAN A WEEK... LONGER THAN HE'D EVER BEEN BEFORE... SUDDENLY BEGAN TO UNDERGO A FANTASTIC TRANSFORMATION...

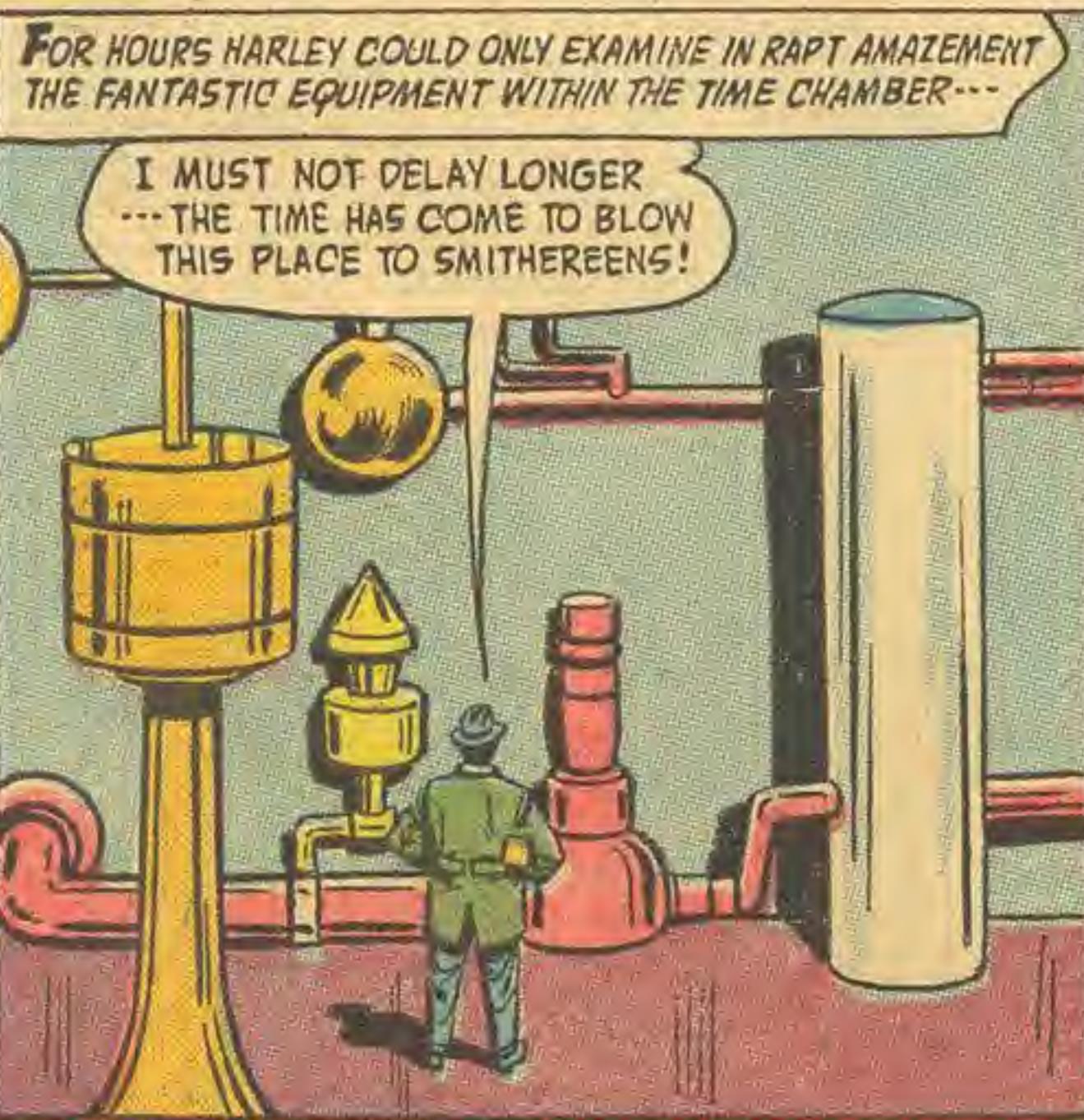
WH-WHAT'S
HAPPENING
--TO ME?

YOUR FACE--
IT'S SHRIVELING
UP!

BEFORE THE HORRIFIED EYES OF THE OTHER PASSENGERS...

IT--IT'S
AWFUL!
WHAT'S THE
MATTER WITH
HIM?

THE--THE CHAMBER
--YOU MUST DESTROY
IT! IT'S--NO GOOD!



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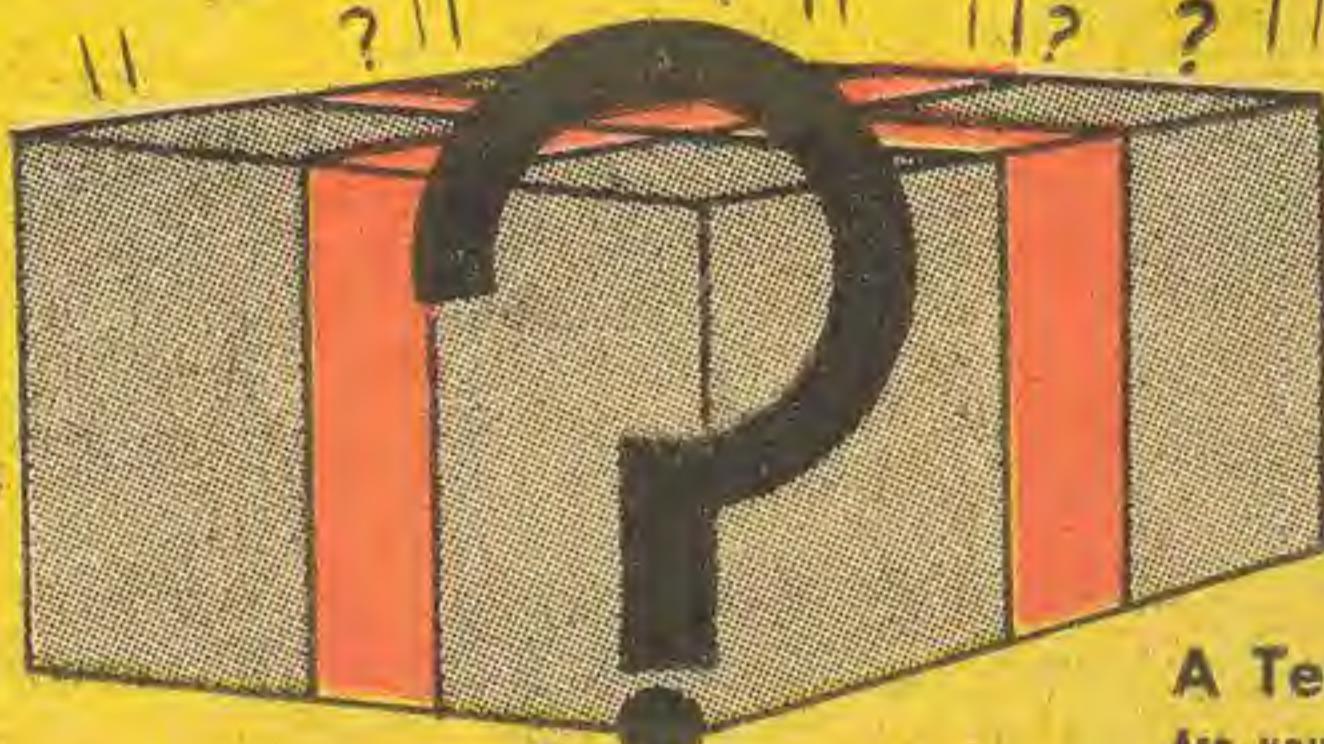
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 I enclose \$1 plus 25c shipping charges
 Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on delivery plus C.O.D. and shipping charges.

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TRESTLE *at* ROARING RIVER

To Fred Burness, the *Galesburg & Anderson* was just another railroad in his career as an engineer. He'd pulled the whistle on many a line, and this was the latest. He didn't feel the slightest bit nervous, despite the fact that this was his first trip on the Galesburg and the rain had reached almost cloudburst proportions. Nor was he apprehensive about the dangerous mountains through which the train must pass, for he was a thoroughly experienced and able engineer. But so foul was the weather that he was almost an hour late before his run was half over.

This would never do—not on his very first trip! So he piled on the speed, hoping to make up time. His headlight bored a hole in the black night as the roar of the wind and rain increased. He was approaching the trestle at Roaring River when he thought he saw something—a faint glimmer in the storm. He strained his eyes. There it was again—on the tracks! It was a lantern! The air brakes went on, battling the train's terrific momentum as the lantern loomed larger and larger and seemed to swell to huge proportions.

The train came to a stop inches short of the trestle—and in the radiance of its headlight, Fred Burness saw something terrible. There wasn't any trestle. It had disappeared completely, and the awful noise of Roaring River, below where it had stood, told clearly what had happened. The river was in flood, and had carried away the spar. If he hadn't stopped just when he did, Fred Burness would have piloted his train to complete destruction, and every passenger aboard would have met a terrible end.

His heart went out in gratitude to whoever it was who had waved that lantern and saved the train. The lantern was approaching the cab now, and Burness looked down towards an old man with strangely old-fashioned walrus moustaches who was gazing at him angrily. "Ye call yourself an engineer?" the old man demanded, in a squeaky, high-pitched falsetto that sounded almost like a woman. "Trouble with fellas like you is, they're so crazy about keepin' their schedules that they take durn fool risks! Lucky for ye I sorta keep my eye on this trestle, and was able to stop ye in time." Then his lantern seemed to flash out with strange abruptness, and he was gone.

Shaken, Burness ordered a trainman to plant torpedoes on the tracks behind his train, so that the Limited, which wasn't too far behind him, wouldn't run into the rear of the stalled cars. And when the Limited halted, Burness went back to speak to its engineer, wise old Hank Williams.

"You were lucky you didn't go right over into the river," said the grizzled veteran. "If you had, it would have been the second time it happened on this line—and right here at Roaring River, too! The first time was in 1905—more than half a century ago! The engineer was trying to make up time and shot out onto the trestle—only there *wasn't* any trestle!"

"Guess I was a darned sight luckier!" said Burness.

"You sure were," retorted Williams. "There were over a hundred people killed. Reason why I know about it so well was that *I* was on that train, selling candy and magazines. I was a kid—a lucky kid to get out alive! They managed to get the engineer out—old Squeaky Ennis—but he died four hours later. I still remember how, before he passed out, he kept saying that he wished he could prevent a thing like that from ever happening again. Over and over again he kept saying it, raving about coming back and saving trains from the same risk at Roaring River. And then he died . . . poor old Squeaky . . .

"Why'd they call him 'Squeaky'?" asked Burness.

"It was on account of his voice," Williams answered. "Squeaky and high-pitched—what they call *falsetto*, I guess. You know—kinda like a woman!"

Fred Burness felt his heart hammering strangely. There was a dryness in his throat which fought his words. "Tell me," he said, "do you—remember what he looked like?"

"Who could forget?" said Williams. "He was an old man, sort of old-fashioned looking, like. I can still see those walrus moustaches of his! Poor fella musta been touched before he died. I mean, saying he'd come back and save trains. Crazy, huh?"

Fred Burness didn't answer. You see—he didn't agree!

THE BATTLEFIELD IS A PLACE OF PERIL, FOR KNOWN DANGERS LURK ON EVERY SIDE! BUT IT IS THE UNKNOWN BEFORE WHICH ANY MAN CAN QUAIL... AND SO IT WAS WITH DON STONE, THE MOMENT HIS EYES RESTED ON THE SINISTER BATTLEMENTS OF...

The OLD CHATEAU!



DON STONE HAD BEEN ONLY A FEW MONTHS OLD WHEN HIS FATHER WAS LOST IN ACTION DURING THE FIRST WORLD WAR! AS THE BOY GREW UP...



AS BOYS WILL, YOUNG DON HAD HIS SHARE OF FIGHTS! BUT ONE OF THEM HE NEVER FORGOT...



THE BOY NEVER FORGOT IT, BECAUSE WHEN HE SPOKE TO HIS MOTHER AFTERWARDS ...

WHAT'D HE MEAN,
CALLING DAD A
COWARD? DAD
WAS A HERO...
WASN'T HE?

LET'S NOT
TALK ABOUT
IT! EVER!

IT WAS A
SMALL TOWN,
WITH FEW
SECRETS...AND
IN THE FOLLOW-
ING YEARS, DON
SOMETIMES
THOUGHT THE
TOWNSFOLK HAD
A PECULIAR
ATTITUDE
TOWARDS HIM.
THERE WAS A
SURPRISING
INCIDENT IN
HIGH
SCHOOL...

SORRY I MISSED
THAT TACKLE, COACH
...I WAS OFF
BALANCE!

I HOPE YOU WEREN'T
SCARED OF THAT BIG
FULLBACK! AFTER ALL,
FEAR DOESN'T HAVE TO
RUN IN YOUR FAMILY!

JUST WHAT
DO YOU MEAN
BY THAT
CRACK?

I...ER...FORGET IT,
DON! I DIDN'T MEAN
IT...I JUST WORDED
IT CLUMSILY!

WHISPERS...SNIDE COMMENTS...
WHAT COULD IT ALL MEAN? ONE
DAY, RETURNING FROM SCHOOL
UNEXPECTEDLY EARLY...

18 YEARS AGO
TODAY, ARTHUR AND
I WERE MARRIED!
SOMETIMES, SIS, I
FEEL THAT MAYBE
HE'S STILL
ALIVE!

HUH?

DON'T TORTURE
YOURSELF! ARTHUR'S
NOT ALIVE...IF HE
WERE, WOULDN'T
HE BE HERE?

MAYBE HE'S
ASHAMED TO
COME BACK!
AFTER DESERTING
HIS MEN THAT
WAY, MAYBE HE
DOESN'T HAVE THE
COURAGE TO
FACE US
ALL!

DAD...DAD
DESERTED?
WHAT'S IT ALL
ABOUT? TELL
ME THE
TRUTH!

DON!

I...I WAS HOPING
YOU'D NEVER KNOW
...WOULDN'T BE
HURT...

THE BOY'S GOT A RIGHT TO THE
TRUTH! DON, GET A GOOD GRIP ON
YOURSELF, BECAUSE HERE
GOES!



YOUR FATHER WAS A **COWARD**! HE WAS A LIEUTENANT DURING THE WAR, DEFENDING A CERTAIN SURROUNDED STRONGHOLD IN FRANCE! WHEN THE POSITION WAS RELIEVED, ALL THE AMERICANS WERE DEAD... BUT YOUR FATHER'S BODY WAS NEVER FOUND! OBVIOUSLY, HE'D **DESERTED UNDER FIRE**!



FROM THAT MOMENT ON, DON STONE WAS A CHANGED PERSON! HE GAVE UP ALL HIS FRIENDS, BECAME A LONE WOLF...



THE YEARS PASSED SLOWLY, AND THE BOY BECAME AN EMBITTERED MAN! ON THE MORNING AFTER THE SNEAK JAPANESE ATTACK ON PEARL HARBOR...

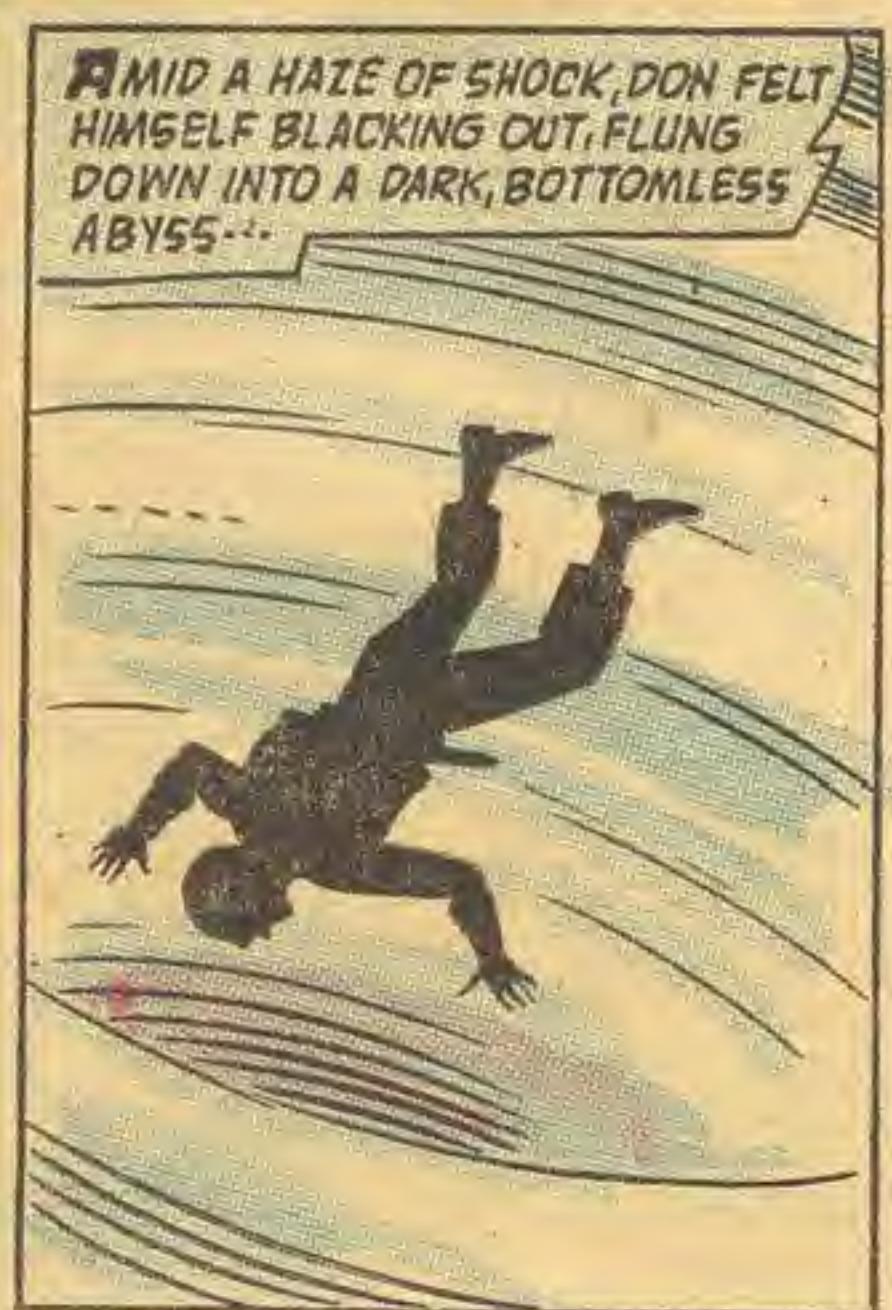
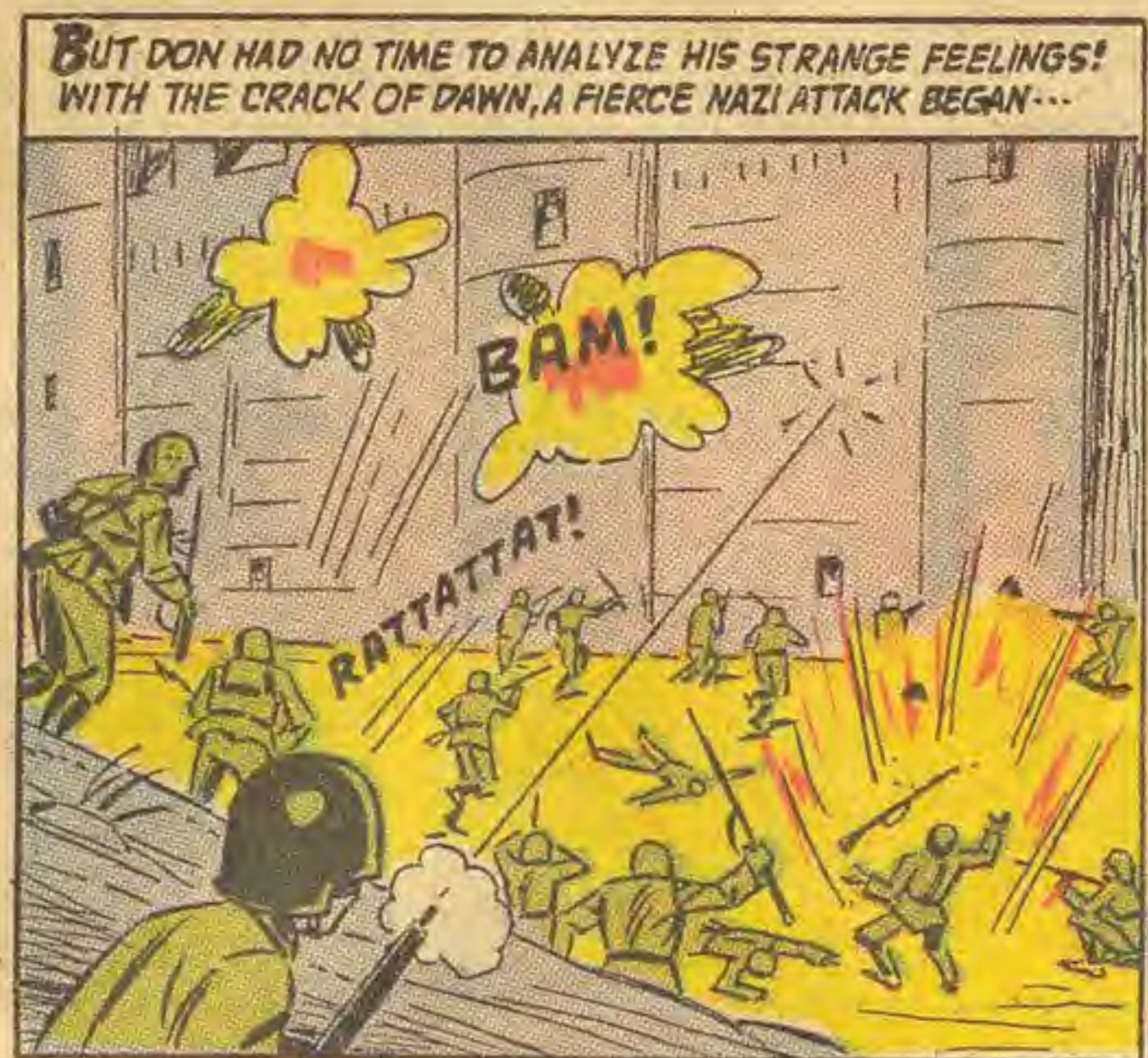


BY JUNE 5TH, 1944, DON STONE HAD RISEN TO THE RANK OF 1ST LIEUTENANT! AS THE WHOLE ATTACK FORCE KNEW, ON THE FOLLOWING DAWN THEY WOULD INVADE EUROPE...



FOR THE NEXT 23 DAYS, DON WAS IN CONTINUOUS ACTION! THE FIGHTING WAS SAVAGE, THE CASUALTIES HEAVY...







STILL DAZED, HE RUSHED TO SEE WHETHER ANY OF HIS MEN REMAINED! THERE WERE A HANDFUL OF SURVIVORS---

THE NAZIS ARE RETREATING, SIR! THEY'RE LICKED!

MESSAGE FROM HEADQUARTERS! THEY'RE SENDING UP TROOPS TO RELIEVE US!

AMID THE CONFUSION DON'S UNIFORM HAD NOT BEEN NOTICED, BUT NOW---

WHAT THE...? LOOK AT YOUR UNIFORM, LIEUTENANT! IT'S FROM THE FIRST WORLD WAR!

GOOD GRIEF! I---I REALLY WAS IN THE PAST!

WITHIN THE HOUR, THE POSITION WAS TAKEN OVER BY FRESH TROOPS! THE REGIMENTAL COLONEL HIMSELF CONGRATULATED DON---

I'M PUTTING YOU IN FOR A DECORATION, STONE---FOR BRAVERY! NOW TELL ME, HOW'D YOU GET THAT UNIFORM?

YOU MAY NOT BELIEVE ME, COLONEL, BUT I THINK I CAN PROVE MY STORY!

HE TOLD EVERYTHING---

SO YOU SEE, MY FATHER WASN'T A COWARD! THE AMERICANS MUST HAVE COUNTER-ATTACKED AND TAKEN THIS PLACE JUST AFTER HE WAS BURIED! BECAUSE THEY DIDN'T FIND HIM AMONG THE OTHER GI'S, THEY THOUGHT HE DESERTED!

IN THE CHATEAU'S ENORMOUS CELLAR---

HOW DO YOU KNOW THIS IS THE SPOT?

I---I'M NOT SURE, BUT STILL I KNOW! IF YOU FIND MY FATHER'S REMAINS HERE... THAT'LL PROVE MY STORY!

SHORTLY AFTER THE WAR, IN WASHINGTON, D.C.---

THE WAR DEPARTMENT WISHES TO MAKE AMENDS FOR A SERIOUS ERROR! YOUR HUSBAND, MADAM, WAS A HERO! THE PRESIDENT HAS ORDERED THIS CONGRESSIONAL MEDAL AWARDED TO HIS MEMORY!

THANK YOU... THANK YOU...

BACK HOME, LT. DON STONE HELD HIS HEAD HIGH, RESPECTED BY ONE AND ALL AT LAST!

YESSIR, I ALWAYS SAID THAT KID HAD COURAGE!

AND I ALWAYS SAID, LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON! THAT BOY'S JUST A CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK!

The END!

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EDITOR

LET'S TALK IT OVER!

It's sounding-off time once more for all you fans of "Adventures Into The Unknown," so step up and let yourselves be heard! We're going to bring to you herewith some representative opinions sent in by readers. And please remember that we want to hear from *you*. Whether you want to pat us on the back or register a loud kick, do so, please! Send your letters to The Editor, "Adventures Into The Unknown," 347 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N.Y. And now—let's reach into this month's mailbag!

"Dear Editor:—

I've enjoyed 'Adventures Into The Unknown' for some time, having started reading it when I was posted with the American forces in Berlin. But now I'm in Cyprus and can't get a copy anywhere. Could one of your many readers send me some of the latest issues? Congratulations on your wonderful book!

—Sgt. Bill Best, Cyprus."

We've communicated with several of our readers who have in the past indicated their willingness to pass along their latest copies in cases like yours, Sergeant. Happy reading to you!

"Dear Editor:—

I think 'Adventures Into The Unknown' is the best weird story magazine on the market. My favorite recent story was 'Rosie In Red Russia,' which was great. But just like August Henline, who recently wrote a letter of complaint to you, I think your covers are sometimes misleading!

—Gene Riffle, Dan'l. Park, Md."

We've been keeping close tabs on this cover situation, Gene. Most of our readers seem to like exciting covers, even if they don't follow the story exactly. But we'd like to hear more opinions!

"Dear Editor:—

'Adventures Into The Unknown' is great!

Your artists are the very best in the field, as are your script writers—three cheers for them! My favorite story in your No. 79 issue was 'My Fiancee Abigail.' It had all the ingredients of a top story—mystery, suspense and humor. Me, I enjoy humor in my weird stories. Keep up the good work!

—Larry Wells, Wichita, Kans."

It's our feeling that as long as a story packs plenty in the way of thrills, it really helps to throw in occasional human touches of humor. Once again, we'd welcome bearing what more readers think on this subject!

"Dear Editor:—

In 'The Interstellar Sponge,' Jan., 1957, your sponge is shown heading for Australia, but the statement had been made that the greatest peril faces Argentina. How about an explanation? To put it bluntly, I think your mag stinks!

—David Lawrence, Lomita, Cal."

Thank you for being so considerate, Mr. Lawrence. Obviously, you're perfect and can't make a mistake. Well, we can, and we did in this case, as we've pointed out several times recently. To put it bluntly, you might be a bit more understanding in your criticisms!

"Dear Editor:—

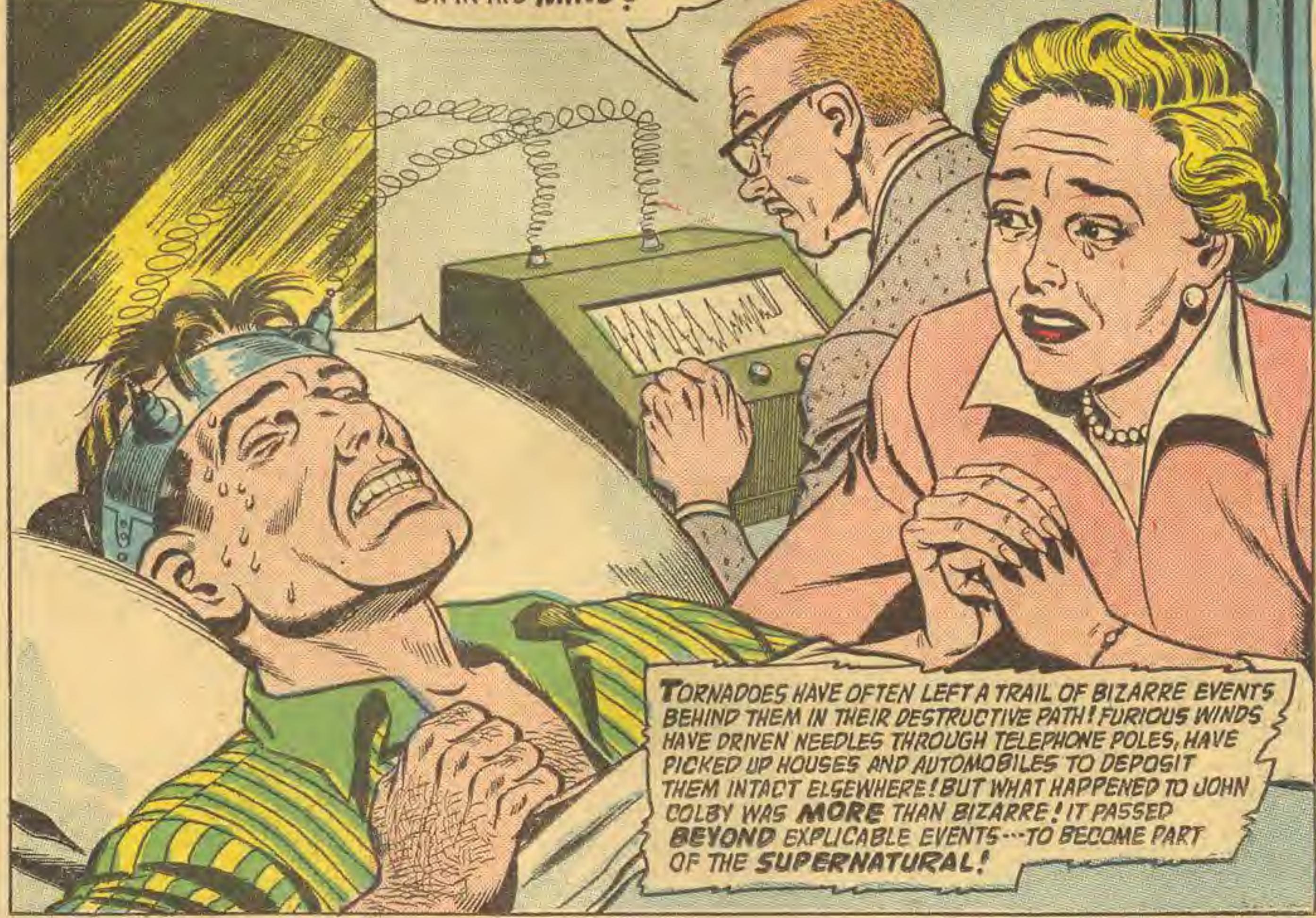
From the letter you published in the December issue, it appears that there are some who just don't appreciate the wonderful stories that you publish. But I'm letting you know that I'm one of the huge majority of your fans that do appreciate what you're doing and love the fine stories and art that appear in 'Adventures Into The Unknown'!

—Adell Williams, Thomasville, N.C."

We appreciate your sentiments, Adell. But even if you didn't like our magazine, you'd be privileged to make your opinion heard. All we ask is a fair chance!

On the **TORNADO'S WAKE!**

THE NEEDLE IS JUMPING AGAIN... VIOLENTLY... AND HE'S RAVING! WHAT'S GOING ON IN HIS MIND?



OKLAHOMA, 1956...

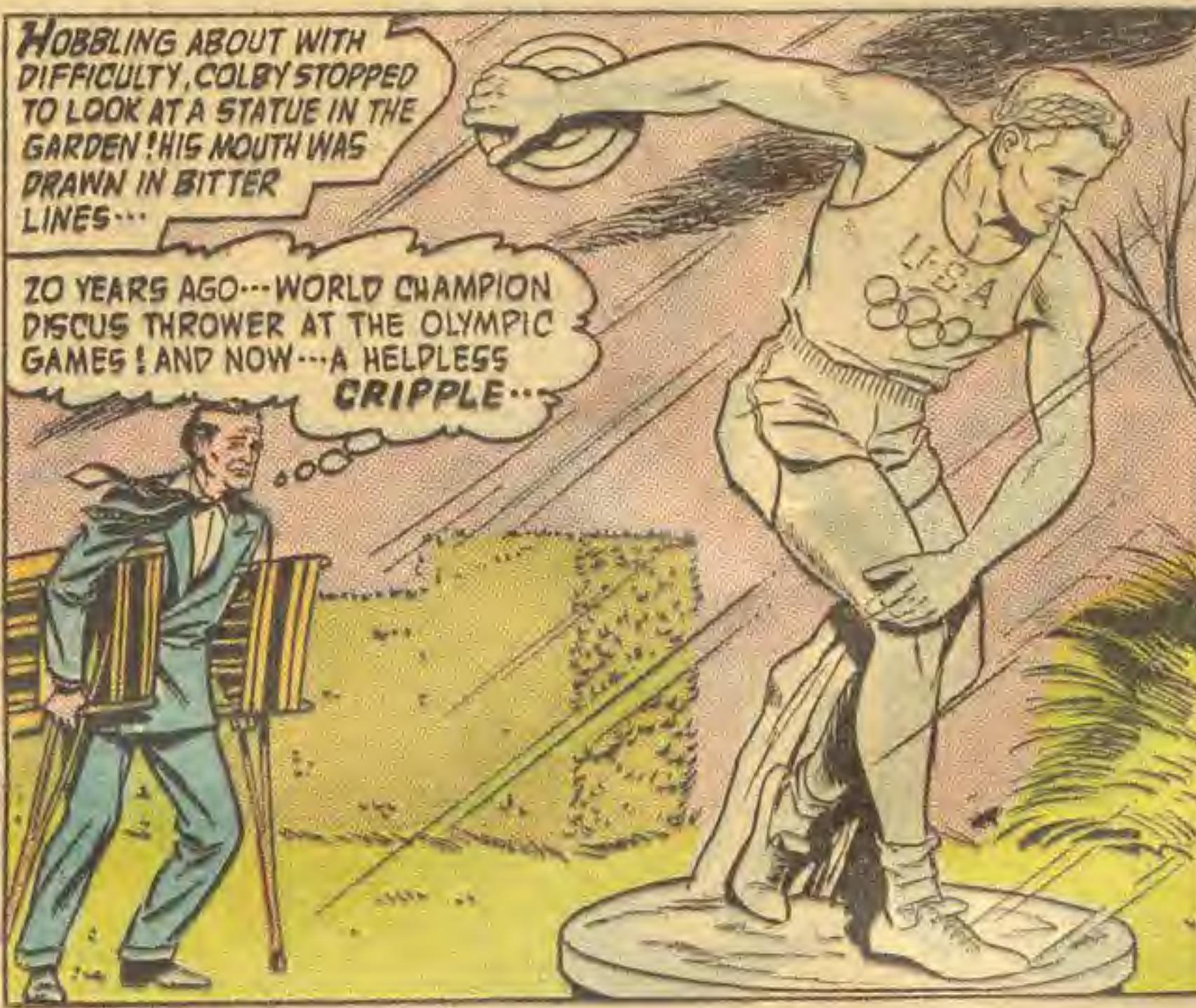
THE TORNADO IS NOW RIPPING ACROSS OKLAHOMA... ITS CENTER IS EXPECTED TO PASS ABOUT 75 MILES NORTHEAST OF TULSA!

GOOD HEAVENS, THAT'S EXACTLY WHERE WE ARE!

RESIDENTS ARE ADVISED TO TAKE TO THEIR STORM CELLARS!

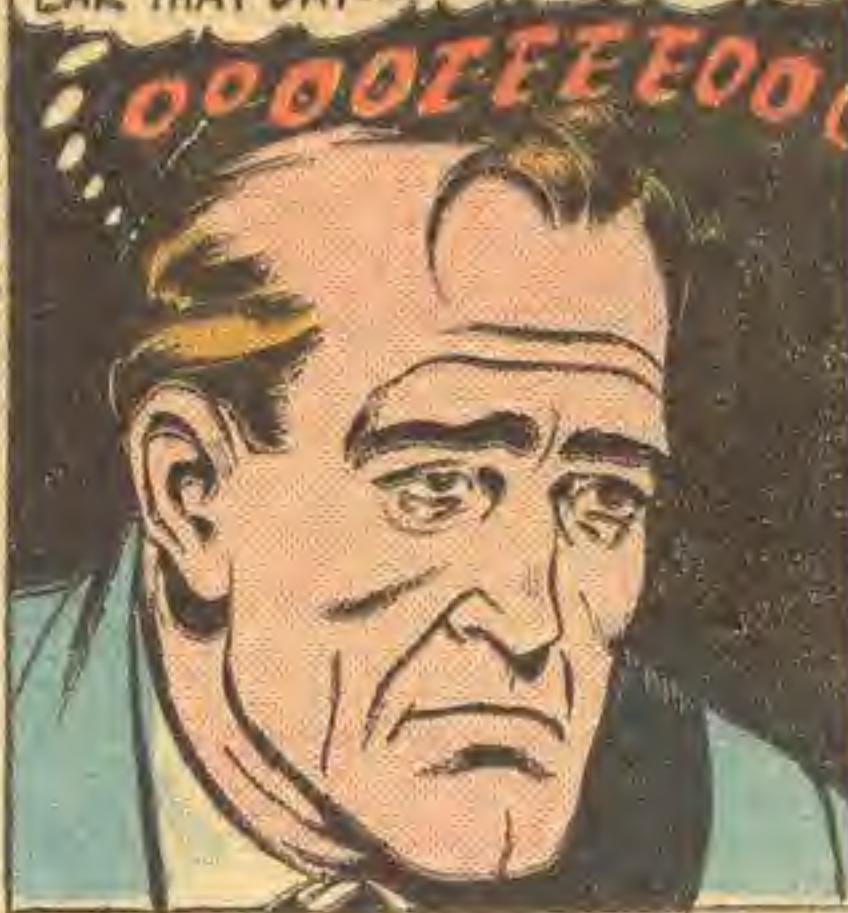
I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE CROCKERY AND SHUTTERS, JACK... YOU COLLECT THE LOOSE FURNITURE IN THE GARDEN!





AS THE SHRIEKING FURY OF THE TORNADO STRUCK IN FULL FORCE, JOHN COLBY'S MIND TURNED BACK, BACK ACROSS THE YEARS...

15 YEARS AGO---IF ONLY I'D LISTENED TO HER! SHE TOLD ME NOT TO DRIVE THE CAR THAT DAY...



YOU DON'T HAVE TO GO TO THE OFFICE TODAY, DARLING! THE ROADS ARE SO ICY!

STOP WORRYING, HONEY --- I'VE NEVER EVEN SCRATCHED A FENDER!



THEY SAID I WAS LUCKY TO BE ALIVE---THAT I'D NEVER WALK WITHOUT CRUTCHES AGAIN---



JACK, HONEY --- LISTEN! I CAN'T HEAR THE WIND ANY MORE---THE STORM IS OVER!



THE DAMAGE WAS WORSE THAN EXPECTED...



AT LEAST THE HOUSE IS STILL STANDING---BUT LOOK AT THE SHAMBLES! I KNEW THOSE STORM WINDOWS WOULDN'T HOLD!



LET'S TAKE A LOOK OUTSIDE!

IN THE GARDEN, AN ASTOUNDING SURPRISE AWAITED...

YOUR STATUE... IT'S GONE!

THE EVE OF THE STORM MUST HAVE
RIPPED IT RIGHT OFF ITS PEDESTAL
AND BORNE IT OFF!

THE ONE POSSESSION
I VALUE MOST...
WOULDN'T YOU JUST
KNOW THIS WOULD
HAPPEN?

FOR THE REST
OF THE DAY
COLBY FELT
GROGGY,
STRANGELY
WEAK...

I'VE HEARD OF THINGS SWEPT UP BY
TORNADOES... BUT TO RIP A HEAVY
STATUE OFF A PEDESTAL...

LET'S NOT TALK ABOUT
IT, EDITH... I FEEL KIND
OF... SICK!



SUDDENLY...

I... I... OHHHHH...

JACK! OH,
GOOD HEAVENS!



HE WAS UNCONSCIOUS FOR A SHORT
PERIOD, THEN BEGAN TO BABBLE SEEMING
NONSENSE! THE DOCTOR WAS BAFFLED...

GOT TO
TAKE... GOLD
MEDAL...

I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S
WRONG WITH HIM, MRS.
COLBY! THIS CALLS FOR
A BRAIN SPECIALIST!



WITH THE ARRIVAL OF THE SPECIALIST,
AN ENCEPHALOGRAPH... A MACHINE
TO MEASURE BRAIN WAVES... WAS
ATTACHED TO COLBY'S HEAD...

I'VE NEVER SEEN A CASE LIKE THIS
BEFORE... SUCH ENORMOUS CONVULS-
IONS WITHIN THE BRAIN! WHAT CAN
THESE
IMMENSE
DISTURBANCES
MEAN?



COLBY'S REELING MIND HAD STUMBED BACK TO HIS
YOUTH... TO THE MOMENTS OF HIS GREATEST ATHLETIC
FEATS! HE SAW HIMSELF AT THE OLYMPIC GAMES IN 1936,
EXACTLY AS IT HAPPENED... BUT WITH ONE STRIKING
DIFFERENCE...

I'VE GOT TO CRACK
THE WORLD RECORD
TO WIN THIS EVENT...
AND YET, I SOMEHOW
KNOW I'M GOING
TO DO IT... AS IF ALL
THIS HAS HAPPENED
BEFORE!



EVERYTHING TOOK PLACE AS HE KNEW IT WOULD... TO THE
SLIGHTEST DETAIL! LATER, WATCHING A RACE...

THE LEADER LOOKS LIKE AN EASY WINNER...
BUT I'M POSITIVE HE'S GOING TO STUMBLE
AND FALL! WHAT
MAKES ME SO
SURE?



WITH NO REALIZATION THAT HE WAS RELIVING A PAST EXPERIENCE, COLBY WAS BESET WITH EERIE SENSATIONS...

HE'S FALLING!

I--I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! IT'S LIKE BEING CLAIR VOYANT!



THE NEEDLE OF THE ENCEPHALOGRAPH SUDDENLY CALMED DOWN, AND REMAINED STEADY FOR AN HOUR...

IS HE GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT, DOCTOR?

TOO EARLY TO SAY! FORTUNATELY HE'S BEEN ASLEEP FOR--OH-OH, THE GRAPH IS STARTING TO RUN WILD AGAIN! SOMETHING'S HAPPENING!



ONCE MORE, COLBY'S BRAIN HAD STARTED INTO FRENZIED ACTIVITY! THE PAST SURGED FORWARD AGAIN...

YOU DON'T HAVE TO GO TO THE OFFICE TODAY, DARLING! THE ROADS ARE SO ICY!

STOP WORRYING, HONEY--I'VE NEVER EVEN SCRATCHED A FENDER!



BUT HE DIDN'T TAKE THE WHEEL! AS AN OVERPOWERING SENSE OF DREAD SWEPT OVER HIM...

WELL--MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT! NO SENSE TEMPTING FATE--I'LL CALL THE OFFICE AND SAY I WON'T BE IN!



LATER, WHEN THE SNOW BEGAN TO FALL THICKLY...

I'M SO GLAD YOU DECIDED TO BE REASONABLE! I WOULD HAVE WORRIED SO!

FUNNY--WHEN I WAS ABOUT TO GET INTO THE CAR, I GOT A FUNNY FEELING IN MY BONES--AS IF SOME AWFUL CATASTROPHE WERE AWAITING ME ON THE ROAD!



THE WAVES ARE QUIET AGAIN--HE'S BACK IN HIS COMA! MRS. COLBY, I'LL HAVE TO GET SOME SLEEP MYSELF! KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE DIAL--IF IT STARTS JUMPING AGAIN, CALL ME IMMEDIATELY!

I CERTAINLY WILL!



AS THE TENSE HOURS DRAGGED ON...

POOR DARLING--IF THERE WERE ONLY SOMETHING WE COULD DO! WHAT COULD HAVE CAUSED ALL THIS--HE WAS IN FINE HEALTH THIS MORNING! GOOD HEAVENS, THE GRAPH HAS STARTED TO RUN WILD!



THE SPECIALIST WAS STUNNED BY THE LATEST DEVELOPMENT...

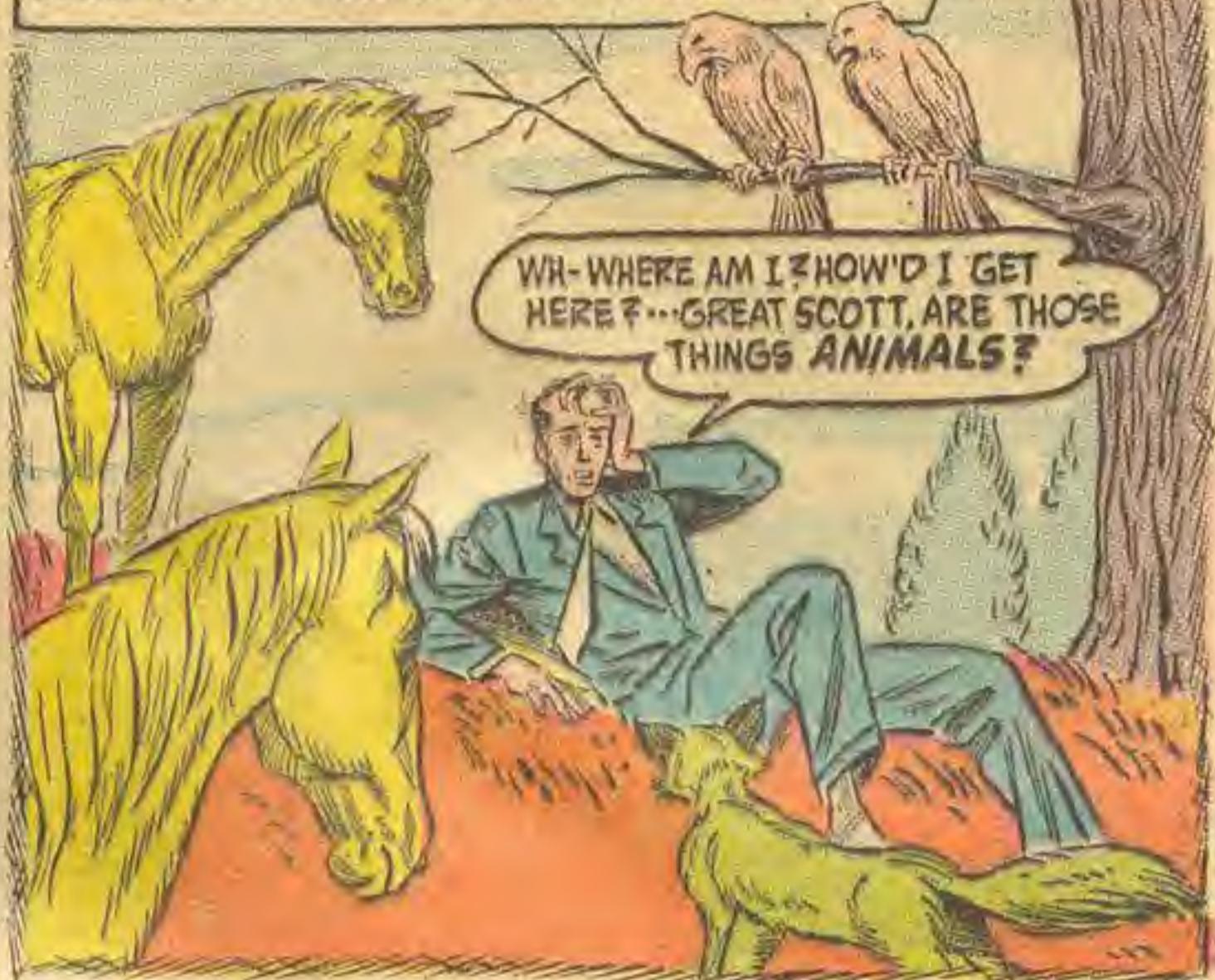
IT'S INCREDIBLE!...NO BRAIN HAS EVER BEEN SUBJECT TO SUCH VIOLENT ACTIVITY! IF THERE WERE ONLY SOME WAY OF KNOWING WHAT'S PASSING THROUGH HIS MIND! AS IS, I'M HELPLESS!

CAN'T YOU DO ANYTHING?



WHAT WAS GOING ON IN COLBY'S MIND? EVERYTHING WAS HAZY...HE FOUND HIMSELF LYING ON THE GROUND IN A STRANGE PLACE...AND NO LONGER WAS THIS AN EXPERIENCE FROM THE PAST...

WH- WHERE AM I? HOW'D I GET HERE?...GREAT SCOTT, ARE THOSE THINGS ANIMALS?



ALL AT ONCE THE PICTURE BEFORE HIS EYES BECAME CLEAR...THE FOCUS SHARP...

WHAT SORT OF CREATURE IS THAT?

HE CAME OUT OF NOWHERE! THIS SHOULD BE BROUGHT TO THE ATTENTION OF THE SUPREME COUNCIL IMMEDIATELY!



CERTAIN THAT HE'D GONE INSANE, COLBY LEAPED TO HIS FEET IN ALARM, WHILE THE ANIMALS BACKED OFF QUICKLY, AS IF AFRAID THEMSELVES...

YOU...YOU'D BETTER NOT RESIST! COME ALONG WITH US... QUIETLY!

NO...NO! I... I'VE LOST MY MIND!



PANIC-STRICKEN, HE BOLTED...

GOT TO...GET AWAY...FROM THEM! IS THIS ALL...A NIGHTMARE? RED GRASS...PURPLE TREES...STRANGE SHAPES...TALKING ANIMALS...



WHERE HE WAS RUNNING, HE DIDN'T KNOW...OR CARE! HE WASN'T EVEN AWARE THAT HE WAS RUNNING, THAT SOMEHOW HE WAS NO LONGER A CRIPPLE! ATOP A HIGH HILL, HE SUDDENLY PULLED UP SHORT...

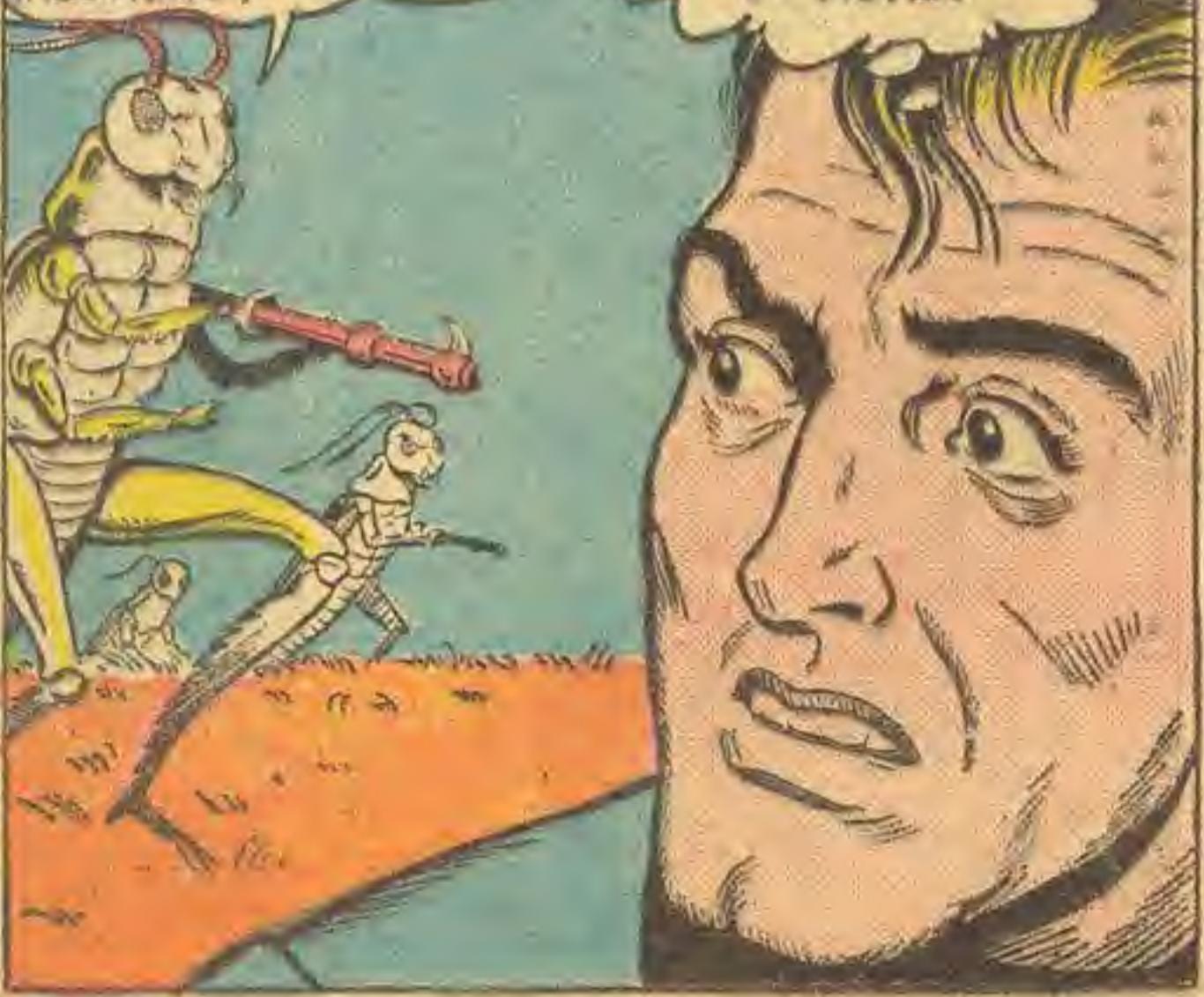
A CITY! A FUTURISTIC CITY! I MUST BE...IMAGINING ALL THIS!

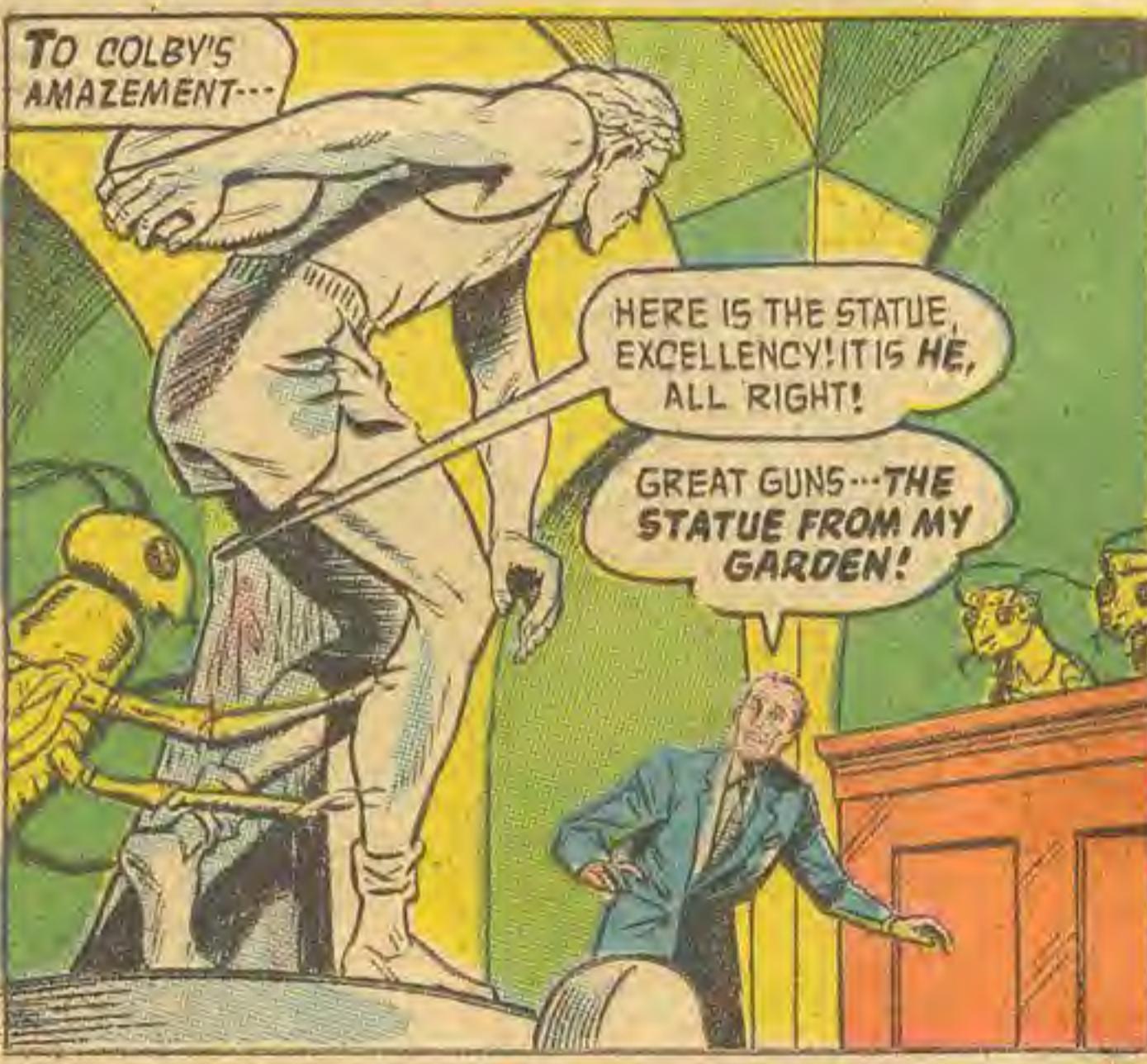
THERE HE IS!



DON'T MOVE! COME ALONG WITH US...AND NO TRICKS! THESE WEAPONS ARE QUITE ACCURATE!

I HAVE LOST MY MIND! AND YET, I HAD NO IDEA MADNESS COULD SEEM SO REAL!

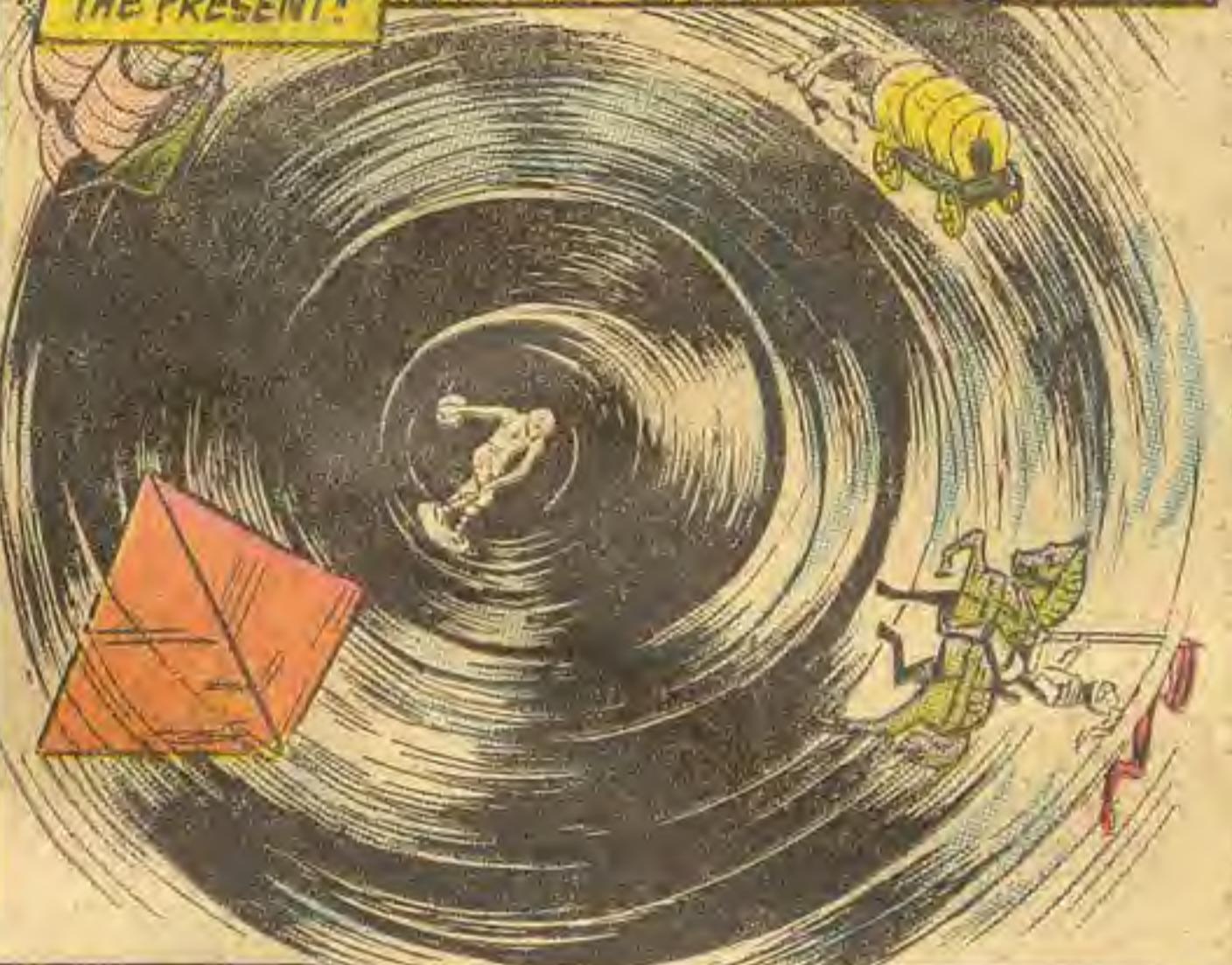




THE...TIME CURVE?
I'M AFRAID I DON'T
QUITE FOLLOW!

THE TIME CURVE IS THE ACTUAL RECORD OF TIME ITSELF...A BROAD, CONTINUOUS BAND WHICH EXTENDS FROM REMOTE PAST TO DISTANT FUTURE! CAUGHT WITHIN IT, THE STATUE WAS FLUNG BACK IN TIME...AN EXTREMELY RARE ACCIDENT! AND YOU, JOHN COLBY, SINCE THE STATUE REPRESENTED ALL THAT YOU HELD DEAR IN LIFE...

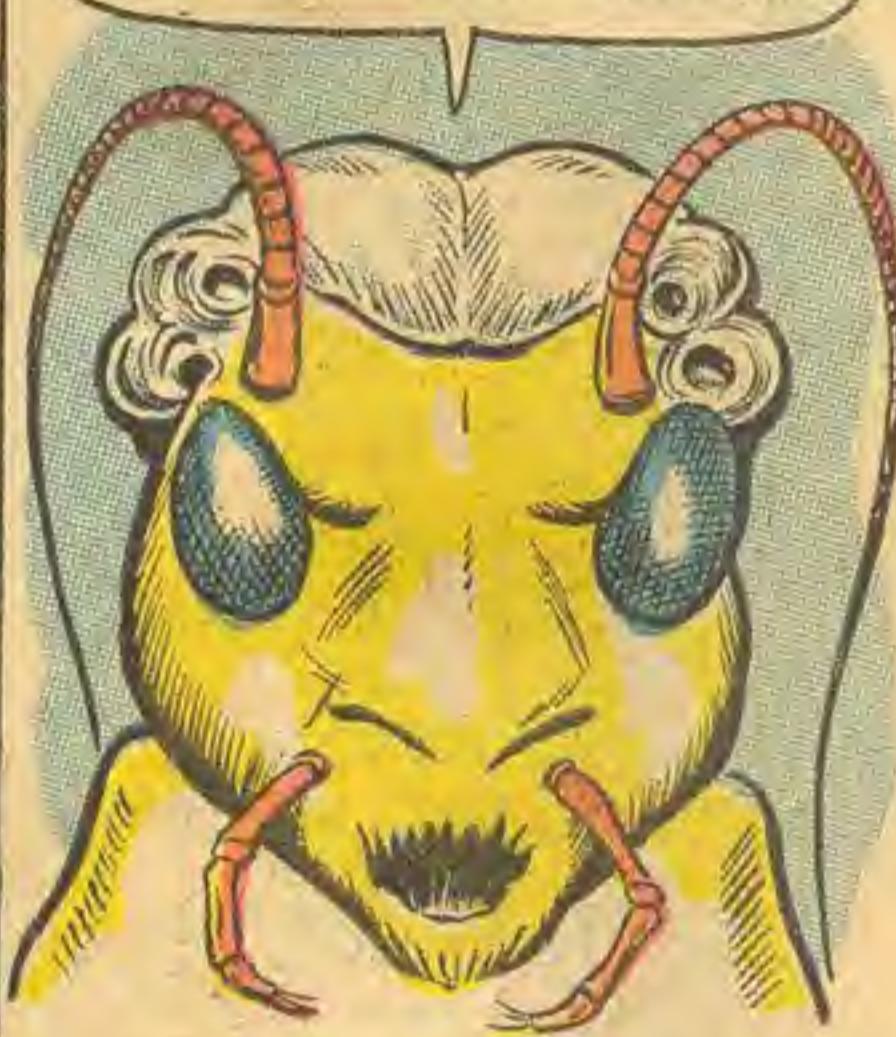
...SINCE YOU HAD IDENTIFIED YOURSELF WITH IT FOR SO LONG, A MYSTIC BOND HAD GROWN BETWEEN YOU! THEREFORE, THE ESSENCE OF YOUR BEING WAS PULLED ALONG WITH THE STATUE INTO THE PAST...AND YOU RELIVED CERTAIN PAST EXPERIENCES! FINALLY, REACHING A BEND IN THE TIME CURVE, THE STATUE RETURNED TO THE PRESENT!



IN OUTER SPACE IT FLASHED ALONG AT FANTASTIC SPEEDS, UNTIL IT FINALLY CAME TO REST HERE... ON OUR PLANET MANTIS! AND BECAUSE OF THE BOND BETWEEN YOU AND THE STATUE...

YOU FOLLOWED BUT WHAT ARE ALL OF IT HERE! YOU? YOU'RE NOT MEN--AND YET YOU SEEM INTELLIGENT!

SEEM INTELLIGENT? HOW DARE YOU HERE ON MANTIS, INSECTS HAVE REACHED THE HIGHEST POINT OF DEVELOPMENT, DUE TO OUR MUCH LARGER SIZE AND BRAIN POWER! AND WE WISH NO COMPETITION!



YOUR ARRIVAL HERE HAS CAUSED A NATIONAL CRISIS--BECAUSE MOST OF OUR PEOPLE FEAR YOUR APPEARANCE! THEREFORE, I'M SENDING YOU AND YOUR DREADFUL STATUE BACK WHERE YOU CAME FROM!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
HOW ARE YOU GOING
TO...?



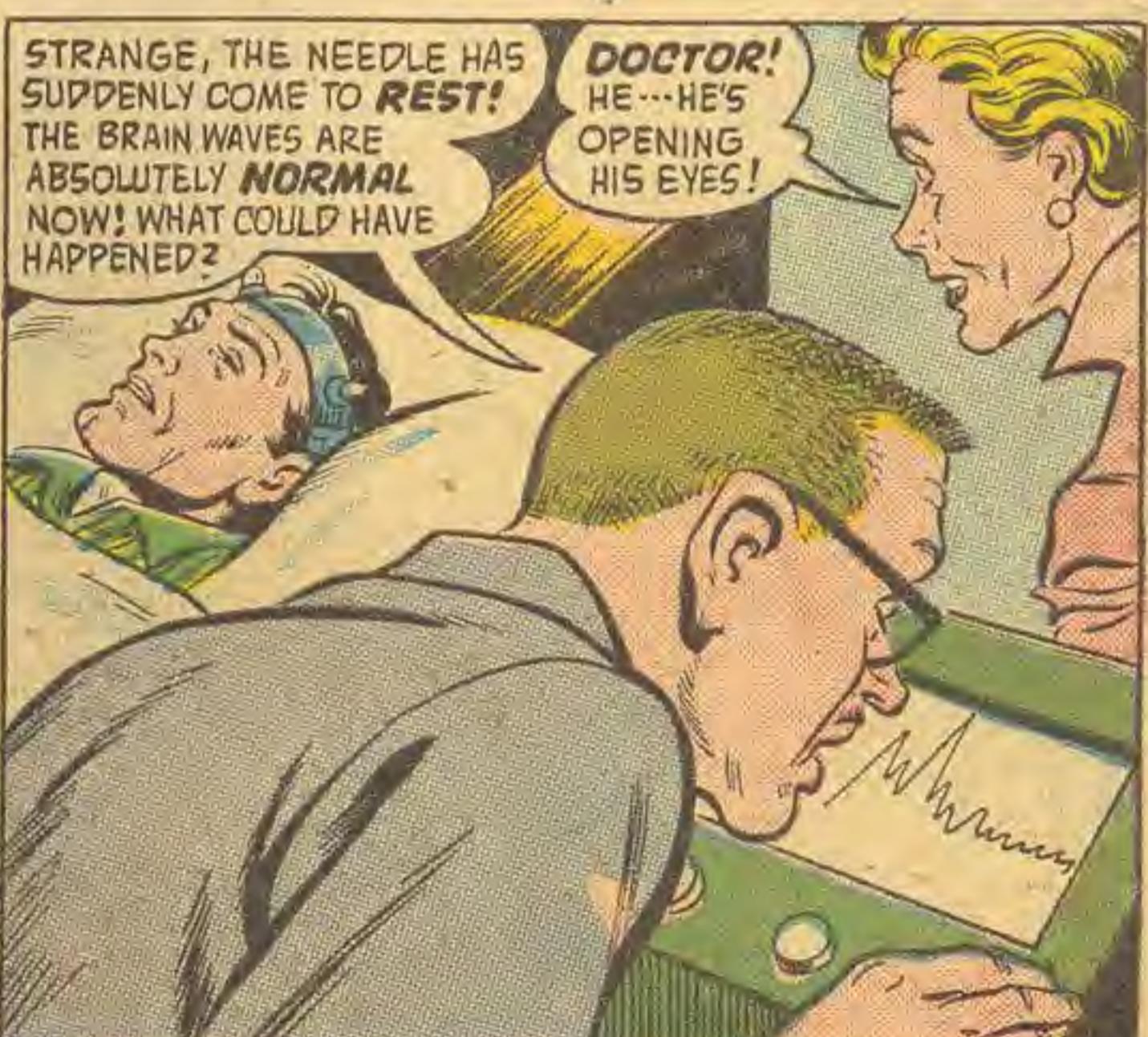
COLBY NEVER FINISHED HIS SENTENCE! AT THE FLICK OF THE SWITCH, EVERYTHING DISINTEGRATED BEFORE HIS EYES! IN WHAT SEEMED THE NEXT INSTANT...

I'M IN...OUTER SPACE! STREAKING TOWARD THE EARTH!



STRANGE, THE NEEDLE HAS SUDDENLY COME TO REST! THE BRAIN WAVES ARE ABSOLUTELY NORMAL NOW! WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED?

DOCTOR!
HE...HE'S
OPENING
HIS EYES!



COLBY'S EYES WERE CLEAR, HIS REASONING POWERS PERFECTLY NORMAL...

WHAT HAPPENED TO ME? WHY AM I IN BED?
I DON'T REALLY KNOW WHAT HAPPENED, MR. COLBY! YOU HAD SOME STRANGE FORM OF BRAIN SEIZURE! TELL ME, DO YOU REMEMBER ANYTHING OF YOUR COMA?

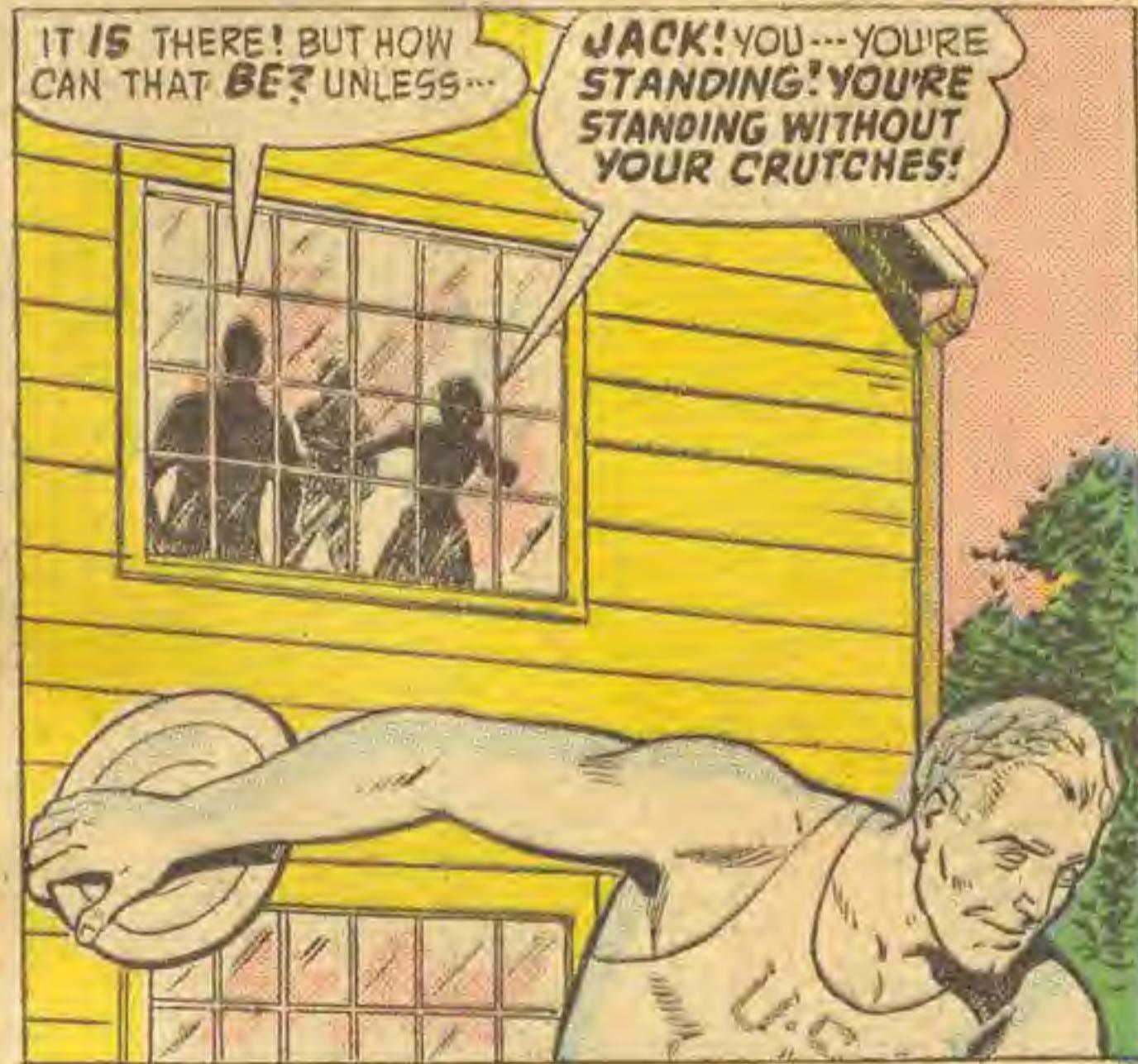
WHEN HE FINISHED RECOUNTING HIS FANTASTIC HALLUCINATIONS...

SOMEHOW, IT ALL APPEARED AMAZINGLY REAL! CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT...

THE MIND'S A STRANGE THING! OPEN THE BLINDS, MRS. COLBY---LET THE SUNLIGHT COME IN!

DAWN HAD COME UP BRIGHT AND CLEAR! AS THE SUN'S RAYS FLOODED THE ROOM...

THE STATUE...IT'S BACK ON THE PEDESTAL! WH-A-AAT! THAT'S... IMPOSSIBLE!



ONLY THEN DID EVERYONE REALIZE THAT COLBY HAD LEAPED OUT OF BED, HAD DASHED TO THE WINDOW, WAS STANDING AND STRONG! THE INCREDULOUS DOCTOR MADE A SWIFT EXAMINATION...

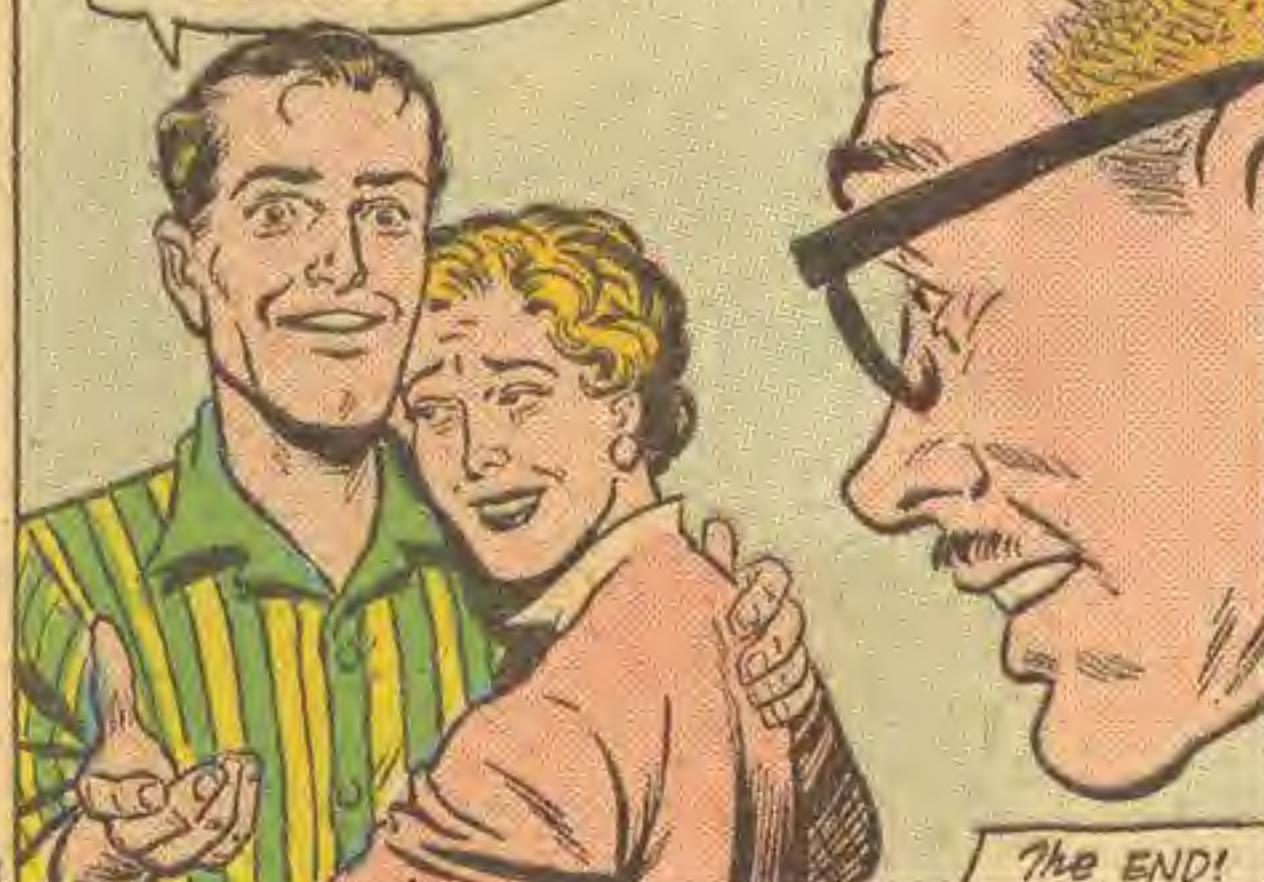
PERFECT...YOUR LEG IS PERFECT! AS IF...AS IF...AS IF YOU'D NEVER BEEN IN A CRUSHING ACCIDENT! BUT THAT IS IMPOSSIBLE!

NO...NOT IMPOSSIBLE! DON'T YOU SEE? MY EXPERIENCES WERE REAL! WHEN I WENT BACK INTO THE PAST, I CHANGED IT!



DON'T YOU REMEMBER WHAT I SAID? I NEVER DROVE ALONG THE ICY ROAD...IT NEVER HAPPENED...I NEVER HAD THAT ACCIDENT! THEREFORE, I NEVER BECAME A CRIPPLE!

IT...CAN'T BE TRUE... AND YET...YOU'RE LIVING PROOF IT IS TRUE!



The END!

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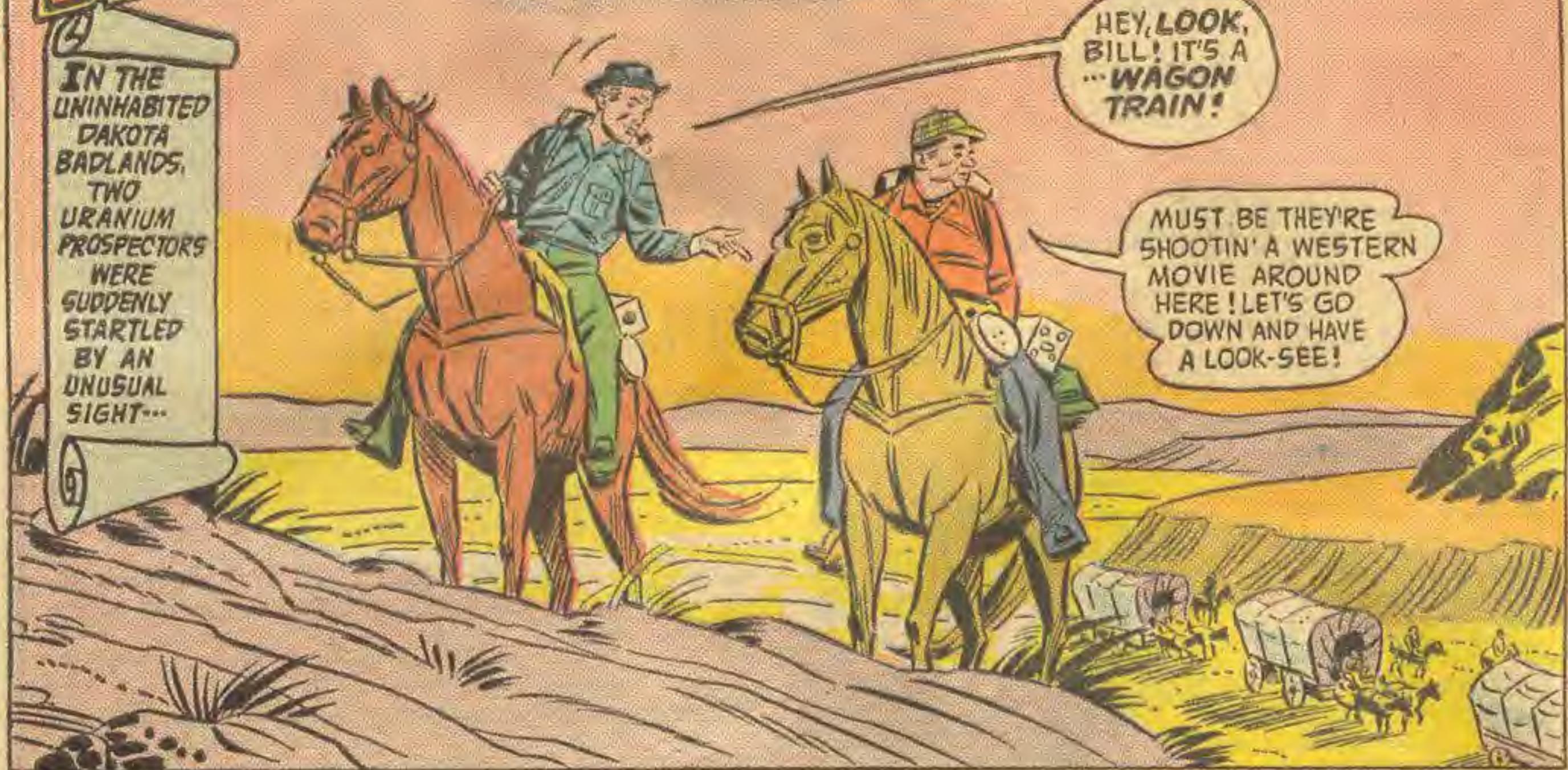
Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

RUSH
ORDER TODAY!

The WANDERING WAGONS!



"IT WAS A DANGEROUS TRIP IN THOSE DAYS, BUT WE WERE PREPARED..."

THE SCOUTS'VE BEEN SEEIN' SMOKE SIGNALS ALL DAY! WE'RE IN INJUN COUNTRY!

STOP WORRYIN'! WE GOT ENOUGH GUNS TUH HANDLE ALL THE REDSKINS WE MEET!

"AT LAST WE CAME TO HUGE TWIN BLUFFS..."

OH-OH! WAR PARTY! BUT THEY'RE HOLDIN' UP A FLAG OF TRUCE! THEY WANT TUH PALAVER!

NO HARM IN THAT! BUT WATCH 'EM CLOSE!

"THE POWWOW SURPRISED ME..."

PASS IN PEACE, WHITE MEN --- MY TRIBE WISHES NO TROUBLE! BUT WE HAVE ONE REQUEST! THERE IS A HERD OF BUFFALO NEARBY...

YEAH... WHAT ABOUT 'EM?

IT IS OUR FOOD... WITHOUT THE BUFFALO WE CANNOT LIVE! IF YOU NEED MEAT WE WILL BRING IT---FOR IF YOU SHOOT THE BUFFALO, THEY WILL STAMPEDE!

IF THE HERD IS DRIVEN OFF, MY PEOPLE MUST MOVE AWAY TO NEW LANDS OR PERISH! THESE ARE THE PLAINS OF OUR FATHERS...

SOUNDS LIKE A GOOD DEAL TUH ME, CHIEF! OKAY, WE CAN USE SOME FRESH MEAT NOW!

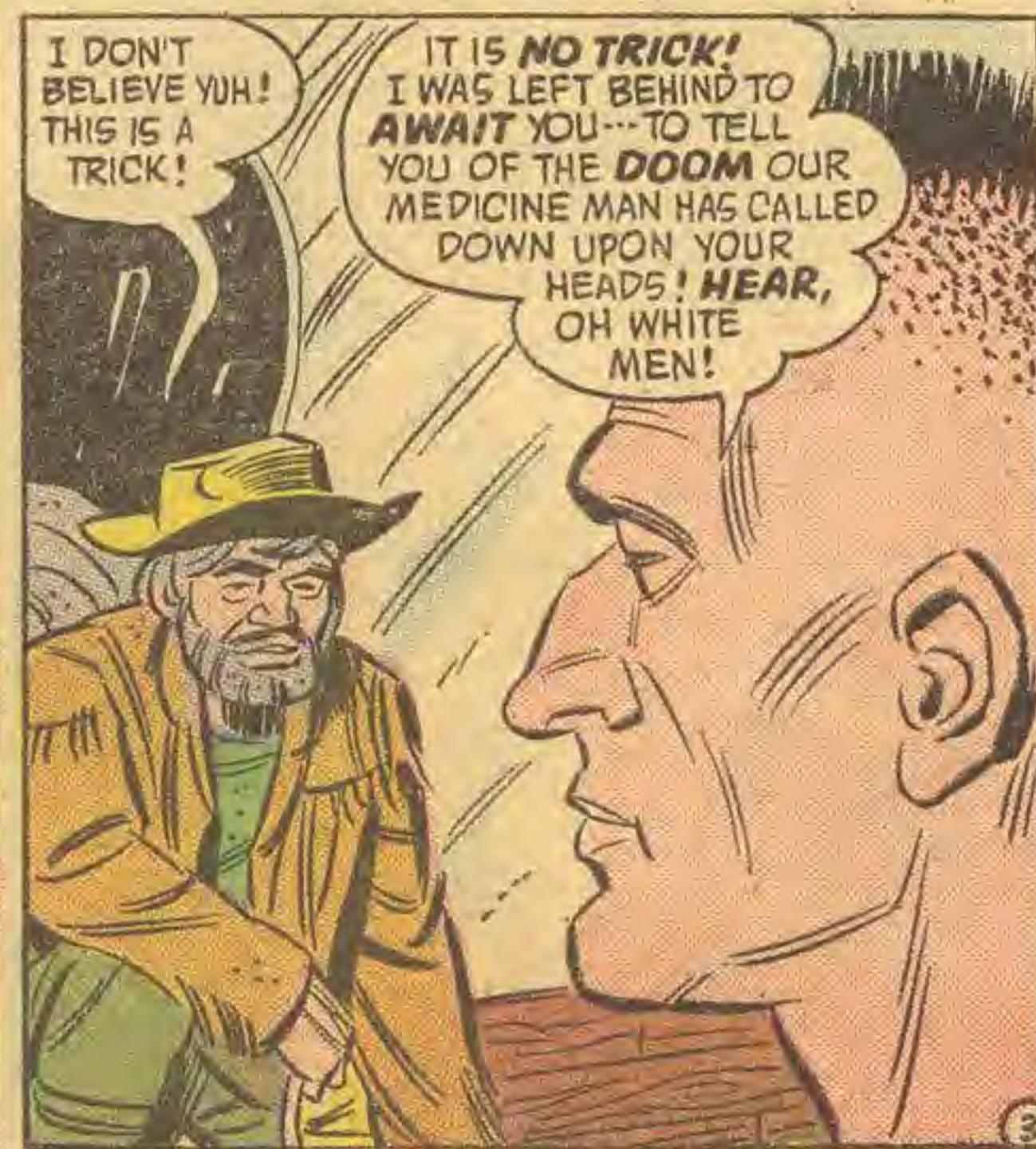
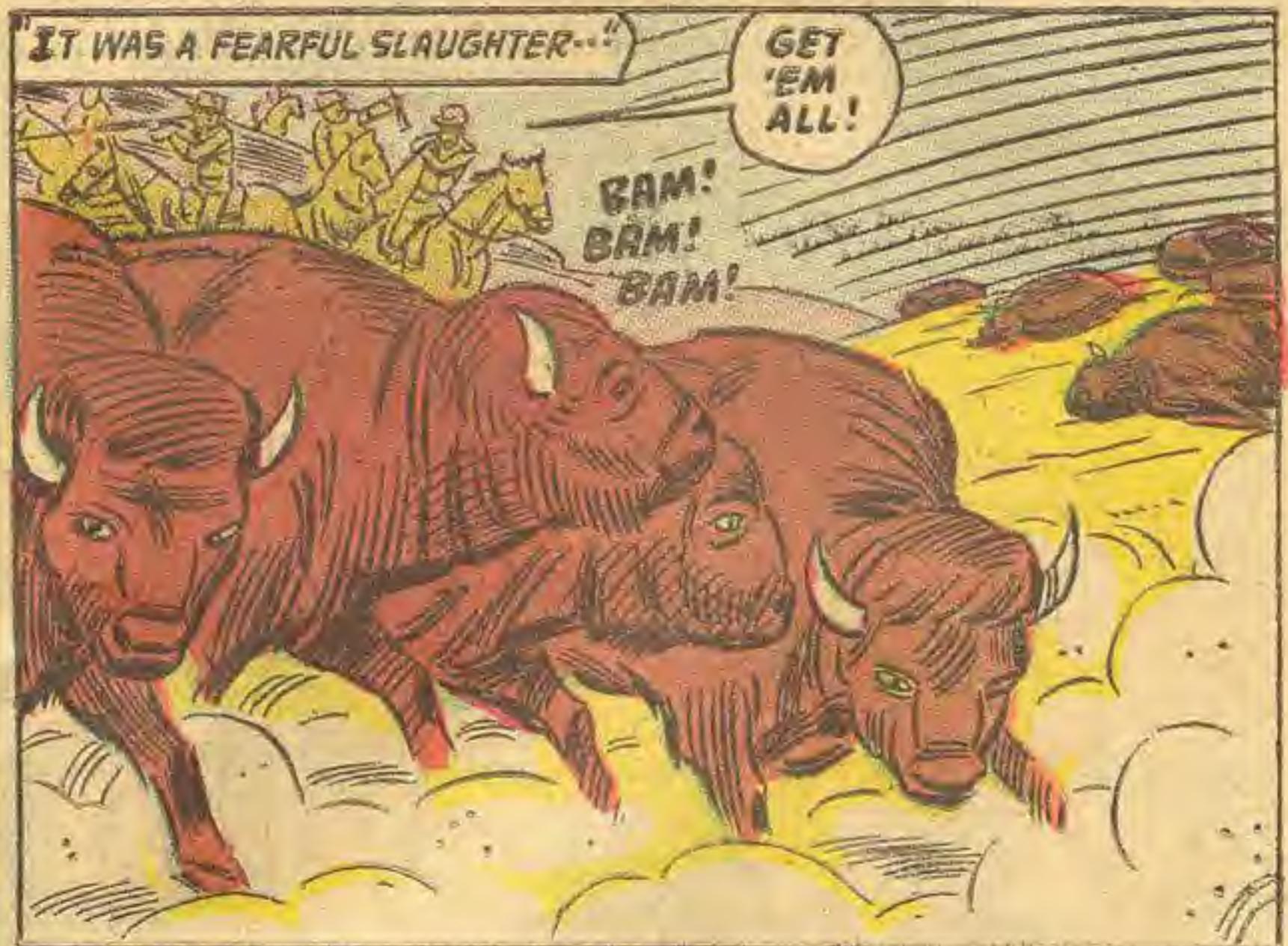
"THAT NIGHT, AS WE ROASTED BUFFALO MEAT AROUND OUR CAMP FIRES..."

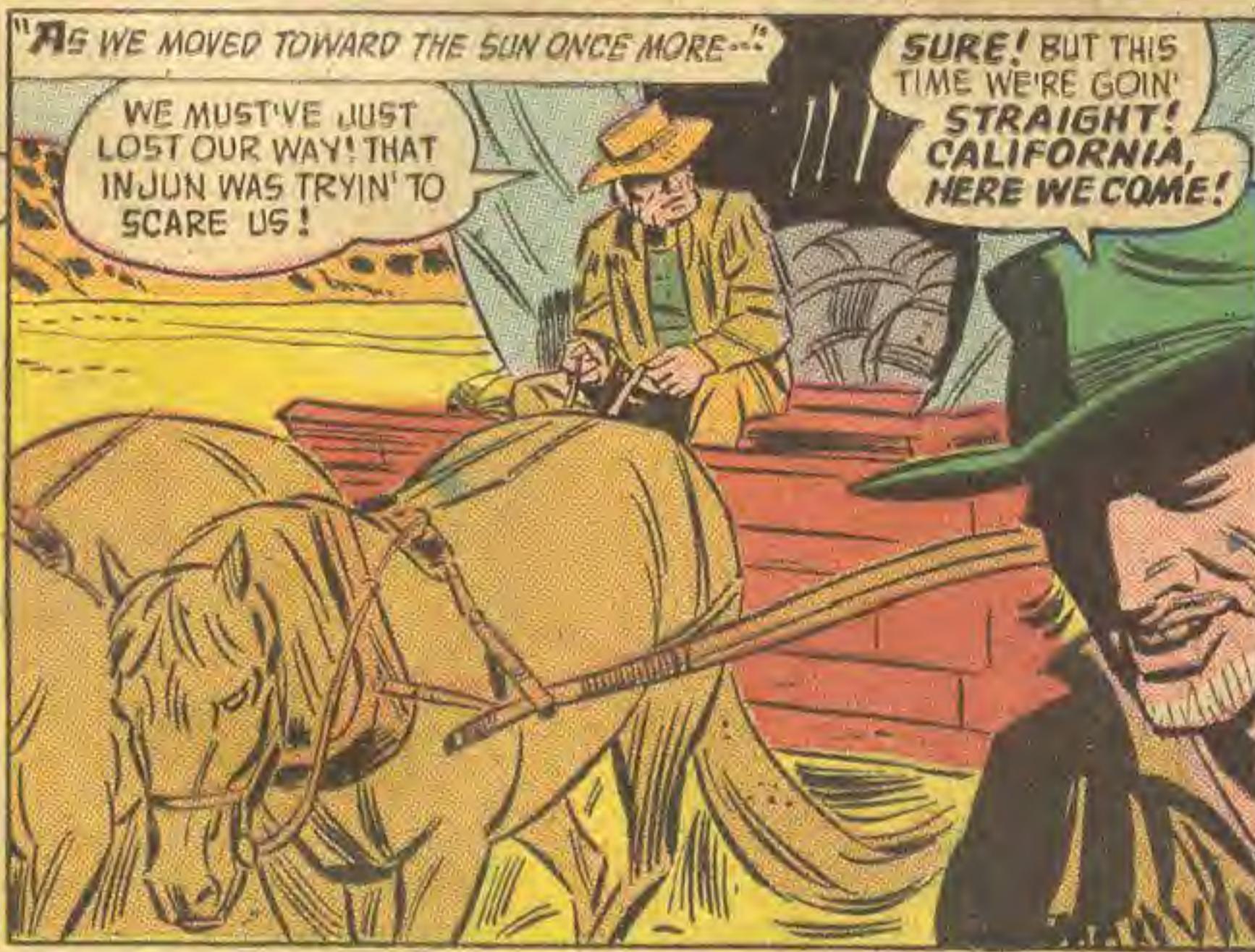
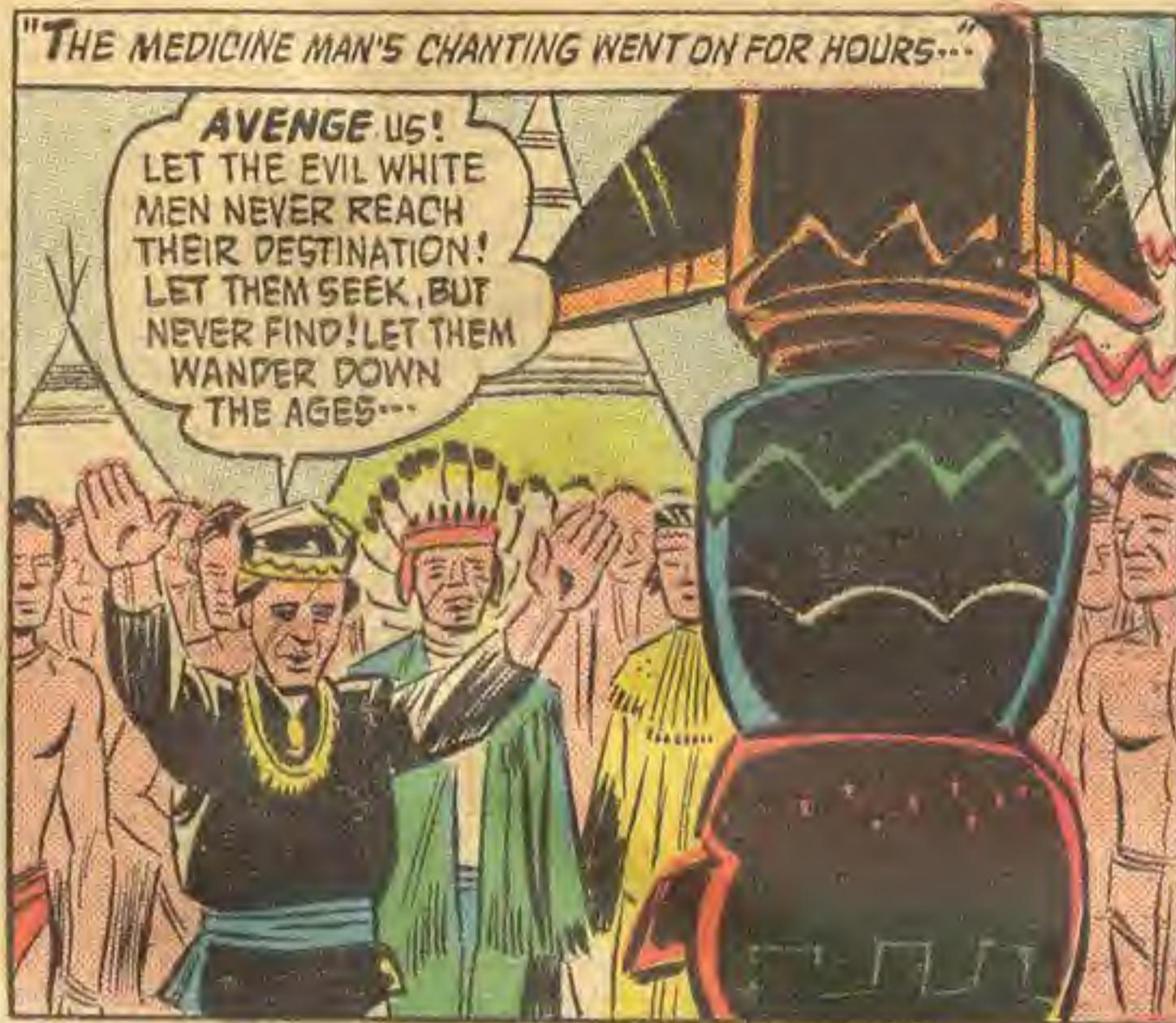
I BEEN THINKIN'... MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA TO SLAUGHTER THAT HERD... THE WHOLE HERD!

WHY? THEM INJUNS BROUGHT US ALL THE MEAT WE NEED!

BECAUSE WITHOUT THE BUFFALO, THE REDSKINS WILL STARVE! WE WHITE MEN HAVE TO WIPE 'EM OUT SOME DAY, DON'T WE?

YUP, YOU'RE RIGHT! BESIDES, A PASSEL O' BUFFALO SKINS IS WORTH PLENTY!





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DRAW

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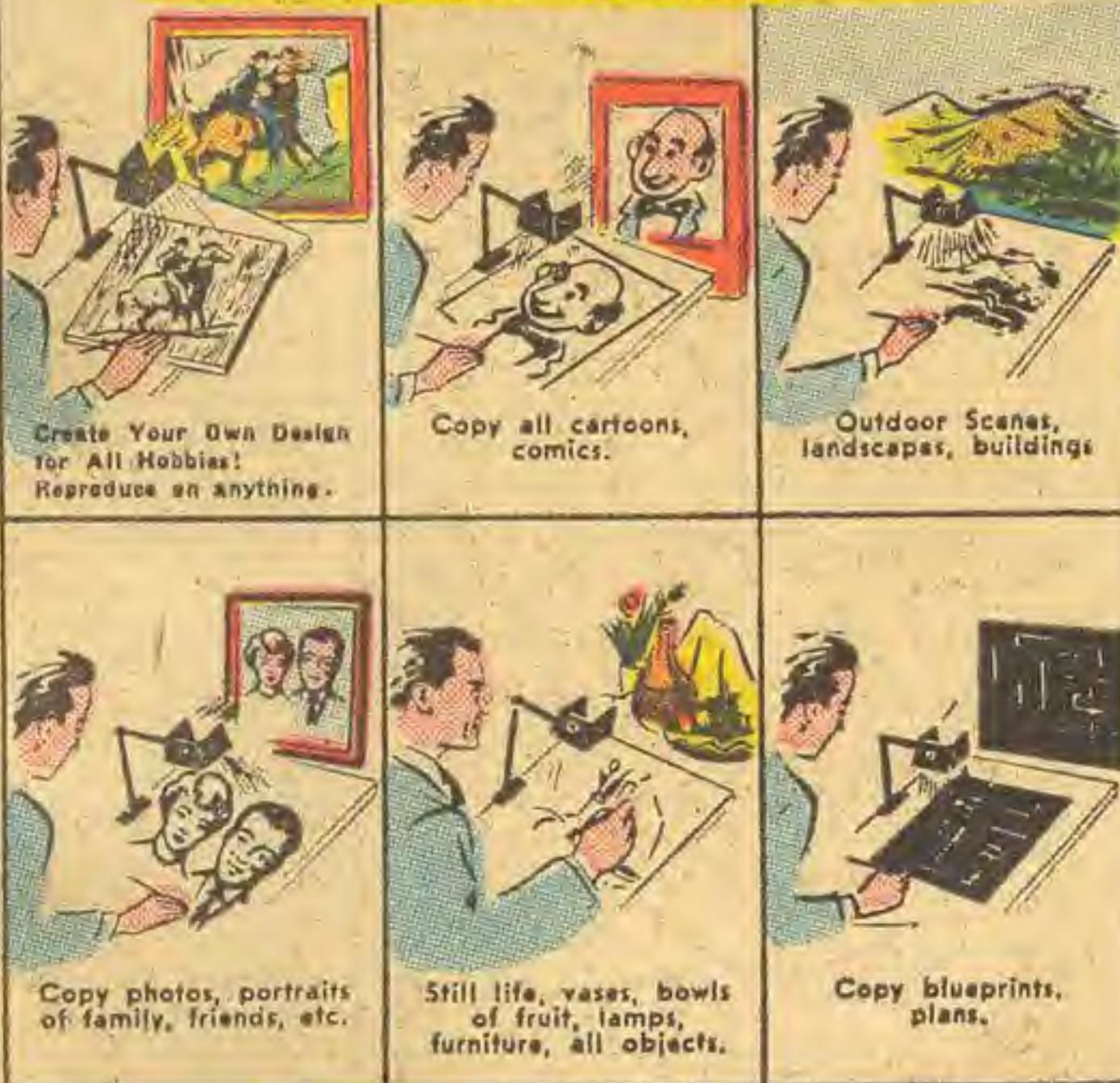
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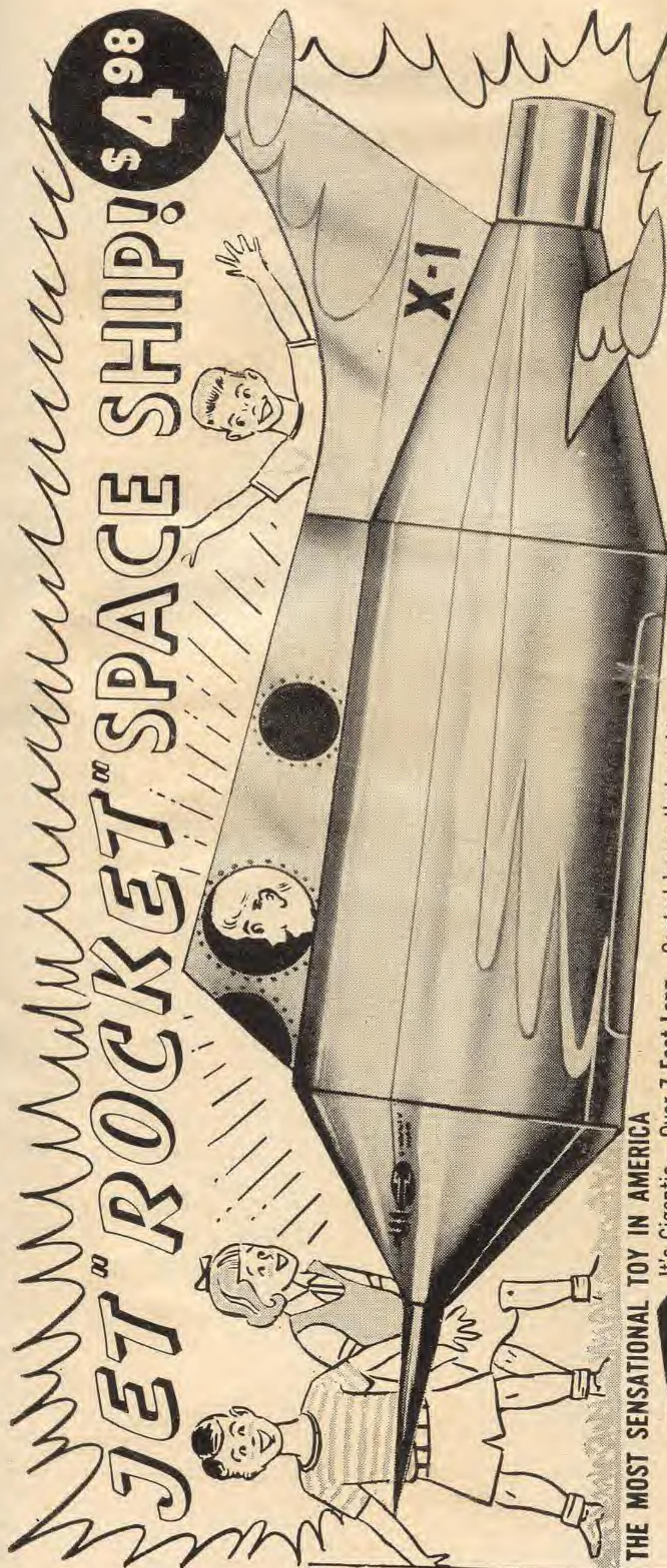
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Rush your name and address on coupon and we ship AT ONCE PREPAID your first set of 24 Mottos **ON TRUST**. When you have sold the 24 Mottos, send the \$8.40 you have collected and you can secure your choice of many wonderful prizes. If you prefer to **EARN MONEY**, send \$6.00 and keep \$2.40. Hurry, send **TODAY** for 24 Mottos **ON TRUST** and big **PRIZE CATALOG FREE**.

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EXTRA! Sell mottos and send payment within 15 days, and I'll give you *free* a year's Membership in the FUNman's Fun Club. Membership card, certificate, secret code, giant packet of fun materials all yours—*plus* extra surprises!

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Street or RFD

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Town.....*Zone*.....*State*.....